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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—DR. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SOPHOS *on the* QUESTION,—"*Are* MEN HAPPIER *from the* PLEASURES *and* GRATIFICATIONS *of the* SENSES, *than from the* STRICT PRACTICE *of* VIRTUE?

Sir,

YOUR admission of my query has produced two answers; but neither of them being, in my opinion, satisfactory, I consider myself as bound to the performance of my promise. I shall, however, previously offer a few remarks upon the observations of P. M. W. (p. 218), and of Mr. Fletcher, (p. 226).

P. M. W. has adopted a very specious, but a very fallacious mode of argument. He deals in interrogatories, and he puts his questions with all the confidence of anticipated infallibility. He does not reason, but declaims; and when he asserts with such confidence, that he knows "my arguments will be in favour of virtue," I must ask him what secret he possesses by which he can read the mind of man?

Notwithstanding the distinction I drew in my letter, P. M. W. has misunderstood me. I there said, "we must not confound *present* with *future* happiness;" yet P. M. W. enforces his declamation by perpetual reference to another world. When the question first suggested itself to my mind, it appeared to me, and still appears, as a matter of mere curious speculation: I knew indeed that it could not be proposed without alarming the weak and the superstitious: but I knew also, that, according to *my* conception of it, it involved nothing that was detrimental to the interests of either religion or morality. With the conceptions of *others* I have nothing to do.

There is no creature possessing reason, and believing in a future state of retributive justice, that could for a moment debate with himself whether it would be finally more for his welfare to pursue the gratifications of the senses or the duties of virtue. Such an idea carries absurdity along with it, and I refer to my preceding letter whether such an opinion can be fairly attributed to me. No. 1 merely asked, with a reference to a present state of existence, whether man would be happier from the pleasures of the senses than from the strict practice of virtue. I did not attempt, neither do I mean to attempt, to elevate sensual pleasures over the pure delights of virtue: but I simply started the question as one that might afford room for some ingenious argument. P. M. W. therefore, having wholly mistaken the intent and purpose of my argument, can be entitled to no further answer from me.

Mr. Fletcher has more clearly apprehended my meaning, and in one part of his letter anticipated the mode of reasoning which I shall pursue: but what he means by the following sentence I know not:—

"Before I any way consider the question, I must premise, that, as it is possible for man to *gratify all his senses, to the utmost extent of the pleasure of which they are susceptible, without any way interfering with his habitual practice of moral and religious duties*," &c.

I never can believe that Mr. Fletcher wrote this sentence with the full conviction of his judgment, or, if he did, I know not of what that judgment is composed. It has, in all ages, by all philosophers, whether heathens or christians, been received

as an axiom, that there is a natural warfare subsisting between the appetites and virtue. The most moderate indulgence of our senses is often sufficient to lead us aside from the path of rectitude: what then shall we say to the idea of the "utmost extent of their gratification being compatible with the "habitual practice of moral and religious duty?" The great lesson of a christian is, that he should subdue the propensities of sense, in order that he may be more free for the operations of virtue; for experience has taught, that strict practical virtue consists in throwing to our feet, all those temptations, all those allurements, which have for their professed object the gratification of the senses. Can a man be a drunkard, and yet not have his "habitual practice of moral and religious duty" broken in upon, when, in the very moment of his intoxication, a part of that duty remains unperformed? Is the man who neglects the calls of friendship, the ties of blood, the observance of social duty, to follow the intemperate delights of the senses in any shape whatever, is he not infringing upon the habitual practice which Mr. Fletcher speaks of? And as it is self-evident that the two cannot be pursued in *conjunction*, how then can it be said that the one does not interfere with the *habitual* practice of the other? Let Mr. Fletcher answer this, for I cannot.

I will now detail my own opinions, upon the subject, and detail them with freedom.

Man is a sensitive and a rational being; but he is a sensitive long before he is a rational one. From the first moment of existence he is capable of deriving pleasure and pain from the senses: but years must elapse before he can draw any delight from the operations of the intellect; and perhaps indeed never, for I have seen men so purely animal, that they seemed to have no consciousness of what happiness mind could give.

With the operations of our senses, therefore, we are early, and gradually, we are intimately conversant. Heat and cold, pleasurable and painful emotions, tastes agreeable or disagreeable, affect us, and, according as those affections are grateful or otherwise, we seek them or avoid them. If childhood be allowed to be a state of enjoyment, much will be gained in favour of the opinion, that the gratifications of the senses are not only intense, but capable of filling our capacities for pleasure. Their delights have nothing to do with intellection: they are enjoyed as a present pleasure, and no enquiries are made as to what produced them, or to what they tend. A savage is but a grown up child, and his pleasures are purely sensual.

From the tardy expansion of our reason, it may be said, that nearly one-half our lives is passed in the simple gratifications of sense; so passed, because we are yet incapable of passing it otherwise. When at length the mind begins to assume its proper place in the microcosm of man, she commences by degrading those pleasures, and calling upon her subject to pursue nobler ones. But how does she entice him away? not by conviction of their futility, but by awakening a new principle of action, by holding out future happiness and future punishment, and by exciting fear and terror: and when he relinquishes the delights he revelled in, he relinquishes them with the same feelings as the outlaw does his country from which the dread of a greater evil impels him to fly. He turns aside from the flowery path of present pleasure, and enters upon the gloomy track of arid desolation, cheered with the promise of something better which he has not seen and can only hope for. Religion is the power that drives him forward. She preaches eternal pains, and an avenging deity! She calls him from all the allurements of life! She paints the pitfalls that lie beneath his feet, and tells him of the serpents that lurk about ready to leap and sting him. With a stern and awe-inspiring frown she bids him turn his longing eyes from fields of bland luxuriance, where streamlets murmur, and gentle zephyrs fan him to repose: where all the gay enamelled prospect lies before him, glancing ten thousand dazzling hues in the sun's ray: where the soul sinks in rapture, and tears of bliss o'erflow the eyes: where pleasure tempts him with inviting

smile, and points to groves and streams, and overhanging shades!

But, no! Religion bids him quit these love-inspiring, joy giving scenes! She points his view to desart wilds and glooms immeasurably spread; tears of all trappings, and sets him barefoot on a thorny, wildered path! Gloomy darkness is around him: she holds the cross, streaming with blood, before his averted eyes; she points to the distant goal enveloped in obscurity. Terror and doubt fall on him: she bids him listen to the groans and yells that load the dusky air: she points with an exulting smile to bickering flames that burst by starts upon the trembling eye! She thunders in his ear, "Sinner! these flames, devouring flames, these yells, these agonizing yells, may perhaps be thine! Yet proceed: tremble: and adore!"—She quits him: she leaves him in the middle waste.

Then the shuddering mortal looks back upon the scene he has quitted: looks back with streaming eyes and a heart torn with severest anguish.—Perhaps he returns: or, if dismay o'erpower him, he proceeds with bitter agony: each tottering step is marked with blood: the yells, the cries, thicken on his ear: the flames blaze around! The goal is still at a distance! and he sinks, overwhelmed with pain, fear, doubt, dismay!

This is a picture from which my mind recoils with terror, yet it is such a picture as every day presents to the eye of contemplation. To pursue it further, would lead to a distinction in the present question, which I must necessarily avoid; I mean the influence of the opinion of a future state of rewards and punishments. To return therefore to the strict line of argument.

For mere man, as a sensitive being, virtue has no attraction: virtue is purely a creation of the mind: not so much a good in itself as the expected means of acquiring good. It is so abstracted from sense, and so equivocal in its nature, that very few know how to pursue, or how to enjoy it. Its delights are rather imaginary than real: nay, its strictest practice is often attended with the greatest pain and difficulty! Virtue is almost always a sacrifice: and a sacrifice attended with no other pleasure than the hope of having done something that is to secure happiness hereafter: it rarely brings with it any present, any positive delight. Being thus abstracted in its nature, it need excite no wonder that so few are found who pursue, or, that in pursuing it, man is reckoned to perform the hardest task that can be enjoined him.

I may assert, without the fear of contradiction, that were it not for the general apprehension of a future state, no man would in this world be virtuous, according to our present notions of virtue. He would discard its rigid notions, as so many impediments to the happiness of life. I do not deny that a certain degree of moral right and fitness would exist, for where men congregate, there these must be; but even that moral fitness would extend only so far as was necessary to procure or to preserve mutual happiness to individuals. Supposing a society without any belief in a God or in a future state of rewards and punishments, though that society would be relieved from many of the restraints that now operate as needful checks, yet it would be found to submit to others that are co-existent with society itself. They would feel it necessary, for self-preservation, to make murder a crime: to make theft so: and many other infringements upon the simplest laws of social order. But it is evident, that personal happiness would be the cause why these offences were proscribed.

This brings me closely to the decision of the question: and from all that I have said, it appears to me abundantly evident, that man is formed to receive greater pleasure from the gratifications of the senses than from the strict practice of virtue. Nor is it irreligious to believe, that, as this world is a state of probation, it formed a part of the design of Providence to create us with such capacities for, and such propensities to, sensual pleasure, as should increase the difficulty of virtue, and consequently the merit of perseverance and the righteousness of reward for that perseverance.

Let us suppose an individual free from the belief of futurity and the

moral government of God. What would his life be, but one perpetual circle of delights and enjoyments? Whatever his capricious wishes might suggest, he enjoys: careless of all but the present moment, he is anxious only to make that present moment render its full measure of bliss: he wanders from joy to joy: every capacity of pleasure is filled to its height: when he becomes satiated with one, he flies to another: novelty is for ever on the wing in quest of new ones: he revels in endless extacy: and at last he sinks into the grave with regret to leave a state whence he has drawn such fullness of delight.

But consider the condition of the virtuous man, acting from the consciousness of a future state and a moral governor. His life is one painful struggle between nature and reason: it is a state of perpetual warfare: of hostility against the most powerful propensities: he resists, but not without repining: he foregoes present happiness for that which he only expects, and which, even in the moments of fanatical enthusiasm, he sees but dimly and remotely: he confesses in his heart, and with his tongue, that it is an arduous contest, and great indeed ought to be his reward, for he has renounced all the pleasures of this life: he has ten thousand enemies besetting every avenue of his nature, and he can interpose only an imaginary shield: he continues to resist, till at last death kindly sounds a retreat, and he dies with the *hope* of reaping the harvest of his labours.

That the practice of virtue is to man a task almost, perhaps certainly, beyond his strength, is a truth that needs no exposition; or, if it does, let it be sought for in the exhortations of the churchman, in the arguments of the philosopher, in the persuasions of the moralist. These will shew what is necessary to virtue: and that being shewn, it may be added, that what is performed with difficulty and doubt is never performed with pleasure. We do it: but like every duty of compulsion, we do it from necessity and with reluctance. As it rarely brings with it a present reward, or at least only a visionary reward, while a substantial good, according to our limited knowledge, is often lost, it cannot be reckoned among the felicities of life.

Let me once more observe, that in this discussion I have constantly rejected the idea of a man acting from the consciousness of a future state of rewards and punishments; for where that belief is fully impressed, virtue will be followed; and where virtue is followed, the senses can be allowed but few of their gratifications. Under this view of the question, therefore, I am decidedly of opinion, that man would be happier from the pleasures of sense than from the strict practice of virtue; and consequently, that we are formed to receive more delight from the former than from the latter.

Far be it from me, as a christian moralist, to dissuade from virtue, or to say that its interests ought to yield to sensual pursuits; nay, it is impossible that this should ever be the case; for early education, habit, and precept, so imperceptibly awaken and so permanently fix the dread of future punishment, that, like the African who worships the devil from a principle of fear, we pursue virtue from the same selfish motive; and are irresistibly impelled to forego happiness that is within our grasp for the hope of obtaining greater on the one hand, and from the fear of suffering more on the other, than we now do by denying our appetites their full sway.

Thus, Sir, have I given my sentiments upon this question: that they will meet with the approbation of all your readers, I know not: but they will at least serve to shew that P. M. W. advanced himself to the dignity of a prophet without the gift of fore-knowledge.

I remain, &c.

Eton, Oct. 9th, 1808. SOPHOS.

FURTHER REMARKS *on* GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. *By Mr.* BURDON.

Sir,

THE superior convenience and beauty of English, or, as it is called, Gothic architecture, are the principal reasons which have induced me to give it the preference to

the Grecian; and it is my earnest wish to prevail on all those, who have the means and the opportunity, to study and employ it whenever their leisure or their fortune will permit. To this intent I will give a short history of it, and at the same time attempt to settle the different styles by which it is distinguished, and to determine which is on the whole to be preferred.

The Gothic power ceased in the 6th century, that is to say, there existed no nation nor race of people in Europe, distinguished by the name of Goths, after that period. Now, Gothic architecture did not make its appearance till the latter end of the twelfth century: this fact is decisive, and cuts up all controversy by the roots. The name of Gothic, as applied to this style of building, must therefore be referred to some other origin, and that origin will be found among the revivers of literature in Italy, and those who first introduced and adopted the Grecian architecture in England. Inigo Jones, Sir C. Wren, and Mr. Evelyn, first applied the term Gothic, or barbarous, to that species of architecture which they ignorantly conceived to defy all rules and principles of art.

The Romans, during the time they possessed this island, erected many buildings, both in brick and stone, which must be considered as the origin of what is called Saxon architecture; and as some of them now remain, they are sufficient to prove that the Saxons derived from them that style of building which they afterwards altered and, in some places, improved. And here let me be permitted to lament that so many grand and beautiful remains of antiquity have been levelled to the dust by modern ignorance and barbarism.—A few centuries ago they were most of them standing; but, within the last two hundred years, how many have perished, not by the consuming hand of time, for that they would have defied, but by the ruthless barbarity of modern Goths, who, having no taste either for beauty or grandeur, have sacrificed to their avarice the finest specimens of antient art, and torn down the finest edifices, either to sell the materials, or to convert them into others better suited to their low and grovelling ideas. By such men, castles have been converted into cow-houses, monasteries into barns, and palaces into the most contemptible hovels. And this is not all: for another set of barbarians, attempting to improve what they did not understand, have patched up Gothic churches with Grecian architecture, and spoilt what they vainly attempted to adorn.

Had not these barbarous ravages been, in some measure, put a stop to by the reviving taste for antiquities, in a few years there would not have been left one genuine Roman, Saxon, or English building either in existence or undefaced by the innovations of modern barbarism. And to put an end, if possible, to their further depredations, too much cannot be attempted to inspire the rising generation with a taste for those admirable remains of antiquity, which have been left us by the Romans, or by our own ancestors, Saxon and English. Those of the latter are undoubtedly, on the whole, the most beautiful, but which style is the most so I will hereafter attempt to determine.

A very few real Saxon buildings now remain above ground, though there are crypts or undercrofts in our different cathedrals, which, having survived the original buildings above them, are undoubtedly of the true Saxon construction; because these subterraneous chapels were peculiar to the Saxons, and were intended for the secret celebration of their religion, during the persecution they suffered from their Pagan brethren, and the frequent invasions of the Danes. The style of architecture found in these buildings is extremely plain, containing none of those grotesque and fantastic ornaments which were afterwards invented by the Normans.

The specific difference between Saxon and Norman architecture has not yet been settled by the best antiquarians. Many undiscriminating pretenders have confounded the two together, and their blunders being adopted by the vulgar, all that they do not call Gothic they call Saxon. These errors, however, will soon be removed when we have settled the matter with more distinguishing enquirers, many of whom assert that

there ought to be no distinction used between the Saxon and Norman architecture, because the latter has arisen out of the former: for the same reason then, there ought to be no distinction between the Roman and the Saxon, for the Saxon was by their own acknowledgement taken from the Roman, as the Roman was somewhat spoilt by a mixture with the British. Others there are who contend that the name of Saxon ought to be given to the earliest Norman buildings, because they differed in nothing but their proportions from their Saxon models. For my part, I should not choose to call any building Saxon which can be proved to have been built since the time of the conquest; because, though the Normans adopted the general peculiarities of Saxon architecture, which are the semi-circular arch, the cylindrical pillar, and the zigzag moulding, their buildings were of much larger proportion and much more ornamented. The very few Saxon buildings which are left us are plain and heavy, though many which go by the name of Saxon are loaded with the most cumbrous ornaments; but of these not one can be proved to be older than the conquest.

In the description of the famous cathedral church of Hexham, begun by Wilfrid, archbishop of York, in 674, which description was written by Richard, prior of Hexham, in 1180, he tells us, that "the walls and capitals of the pillars were decorated with historical representations, imagery, and various figures in relief, carved in stone, and that there were also in the same church many private oratories of exquisite workmanship." Of such buildings as the churches of Hexham, Weremouth, Lincoln, Rippon, and Canterbury, which were all built in the seventh century, not one is now left even in ruins; so that the evidence of their grandeur now rests wholly on written testimony. And if we are to believe the following fact, it has been much exaggerated; for many of them were taken down by the Normans to make room for more capacious structures, which is one of the reasons why none of them are now remaining; others were destroyed by the Danes, and many were suffered to go to decay by the Saxons themselves through impiety and negligence. The number and size of the buildings constructed under the three Roman monarchs is almost incredible, and decidedly proves the existence of a Norman style distinct from the Saxon. Fifteen out of twenty-two English cathedrals contain very considerable parts, which are undoubtedly of Norman erection, and built by Norman bishops, who were themselves architects, or employed Norman builders.

The works of Gundulph, bishop of Rochester, who enjoyed the see from 1077 to 1107, are to be seen at Rochester and Peterborough. Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, (1070 to 1093) built the choir there in seven years, from 1073 to 1080, entirely in the Norman style. Anselm took it down about 1100, and employed Ernulph, prior of the convent, a Norman, to rebuild it; but he not living long enough, it was finished in 1114 by Conrade, and called the glorious choir of Conrade. In 1174 it was burnt down, and rebuilt by William of Sens, an architect from Normandy, and now remains the most beautiful specimen of that style of building. Mauritius, bishop of London, 1086 to 1108, took down the old Saxon cathedral of St. Paul's, and rebuilt it in the Norman style. It remained till taken down by Sir Christopher Wren in 1675; and from the description given of it by Sir W. Dugdale, with Hollar's engravings, leaves us great room to regret that it was removed rather than repaired.

Roger, bishop of Salisbury, 1107 to 1040, built the cathedral of Old Sarum, and the magnificent abbey church of Malmsbury. Two of his nephews were advanced to the sees of Lincoln and Ely, and had a great share in building their respective cathedrals. Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, 1123 to 1147, partly rebuilt that magnificent cathedral. Henry of Blois, bishop of Winchester, built the churches of St. Cross and Rumsey, in Hampshire.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Sept. 22, 1808.

On the HISTORIC PARTIALITY *of Dr.* HENRY, *in regard to* ANNE BOLEYN *and* CATHERINE HOWARD.

By Mr. BREWER.

Sir,

WHEN Horace Walpole endeavoured to divert the chagrin of his father, the once powerful minister of state, by reading to him, during Sir Robert's seclusion at Houghton, the ex-minister fretfully inquired the purport of the volume his son was about to recite; and, on finding that it was history, he bade him lay down the volume, for *it was impossible that it could contain truth!* Such an assertion, by a man so intimately acquainted with the complex machinery of state transactions, and so conversant with the venal temper of those concerned in recording a semblance of the occurrences of the day, should surely act as a stimulus to the spirit of historic inquiry.—From this hint, given in sad sincerity of heart, we may, without much stretch of conjecture, deduce that sceptical work respecting Richard the Third, and the events of his reign, afterwards produced by the pen of the instructed listener; and it remains to be regretted, that Horatio Walpole and his liberal productions have been attended only by so limited a number of imitators.

In a former number of your useful work,* I (with the most entire humility deploring the silence of more able commentators) ventured to submit some doubts respecting the propriety of that obloquy so abundantly heaped by protestant historians on the memory of the Romish Mary. Animated by the same spirit, permit me to point the attention of your readers to an historical delineation, which strikes me as equally incorrect with that I have before noticed.

The two decapitated wives of the eighth Henry have afforded our historians a most delectable opportunity for invective on the one hand, and panegyric on the other. In receiving as orthodox the decisions of such self-elected arbiters, the reader, however, should act with the greatest caution. Bearing, treasured in his remembrance, the observation of Sir Robert Walpole, it is his duty to inquire if no prejudice of education, no strong, but acknowledged biass of habitual party-spirit, may have existed in the writer's bosom, and prevailed, to the utter extinction of impartiality and candour? Applying the talisman of this criterion to those who record the mournful fortunes of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, we shall be persuaded to apprehend, that an admiration of the protestant faith (commendable in every instance save that which contracts the spirit and leads to calumniation, not the less noxious for being unintended) has induced them to paint the one quite white, the other quite black. Anne Boleyn lent a helping hand of no contemptible strength and influence to the glorious Reformation: this is enough; the protestant historian enshrines her in a sainted niche, and calls her angel. Catherine Howard had the misfortune to be educated in the habits of the Romish form of christianity: that is much more than enough; a bench of protestant writers sentences her memory to be pelted to the "last syllable of recorded time;" and the *meek, good, pious* Archbishop Cranmer throws the first stone!

I cannot suppose, Mr. Editor, that either you or your readers would admit a minute examination of the trials of these unfortunate queens; nor does it appear essential to my purpose. I should be unwilling to put a single sentence that might operate injuriously on the memory of Anne Boleyn. I firmly believe that both Anne and Catherine fell victims to the ambition and acrimony of two bigotted parties in religion, acting by turns on the fierce passions and keen susceptibility of an impetuous monarch. Should it be affirmed that circumstances do not warrant so lenient a conjecture, I shall be driven to protest that, weighing only the depositions of evidence, and allowing nothing to the probability of party subornation, both princesses were at least equally guilty.

Admitting, however, that strong reasons exist for supposing Anne Boleyn innocent of the guilt laid to her charge, I will content myself with adducing such circumstances as

* See Vol. IX. pp. 396—477.

render it equally likely that Catherine Howard was persecuted and blameless. As Dr. Henry is the more modern historian of *voluminous* respectability, and as he, in this instance, echoes to the letter the opinion of his coadjutors, I shall confine my observations nearly to the form of a brief critique on his account of Catherine and her fate.

With much pathetic eloquence, but little genuine humanity, the Doctor bewails the *tenderness* shewn, on the awful occasion of her trial, to Catherine; and poetically observes, that no such lenity was exercised towards the "amiable and unfortunate Anne Boleyn." Let us see on what grounds Dr. Henry ventures to make this assertion. Anne Boleyn was publickly tried in the king's hall in the Tower before the peers legally assembled, and her own uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, presided as steward. It is true that only twenty-five nobles, beside the duke, attended, but there is no reason to suppose that any unjust interference of the crown occasioned the absence of the remainder. With so little secresy was the trial conducted, that the lord-mayor of London and the aldermen were admitted as auditors. The queen protested her innocence, but *publicly* acknowledged (in the vain hope of preserving the life designated as prey by an insidious party and an infuriate king) that a lawful impediment had actually existed to her marriage with Henry. Archbishop Cranmer (who had been confined to his palace during these transactions) interested himself in the back ground, as much as his personal apprehensions would allow, and wrote a letter to the king, suggesting "several things which made it appear very wonderful that she was guilty." Whatever malice might have been employed by those enemies of the queen, whose religious fervour induced them to desire her downfal, still I contend that every indulgence, in point of legal etiquette, was granted to her in this extremity of her fortune. Not only was she tried publicly by the peers of the realm, but her *own uncle* was selected to preside as chairman. This latter circumstance, however, the Doctor, like a cunning disputant, turns to the advantage of his arguments:—"Her own *unnatural uncle*," says he, "whose zeal for popery made him one of her greatest enemies, presided," &c. But of this "unnatural uncle," the queen herself had so little suspicion that he was engaged in the highest offices about court,* during the plenitude of her power! If not misled by an unconscious spirit of party veneration, would it not therefore be more charitable in the historian to mention the presence of the Duke of Norfolk at the queen's trial as an instance of the liberality of Henry? and, at the same time, ascribe the duke's acquiescence with the verdict of the court to fear or credulity?

The last fatal hour of Catherine Howard was brought about by very different circumstances. The champion of Reformation, Archbishop Cranmer, receives a verbal communication from a certain servile and obscure person, which he, the said good archbishop, immediately details on paper with sedulous accuracy. This account, though Cranmer could "suggest several things" in favour of Anne, the partizan of Reformation, he implicitly believed, although conveyed by such low and disputable authority, when popish Catherine's innocence alone was implicated. No longer quiescent and meek in his Lambeth retirement, he presents himself at court. Slily (as if afraid to trust his own tongue with the tale) he slips a paper in the king's hand, revealing the most improbable accusations, on the testimony of an obscure woman, who had formerly been a servant in the family of the old Duchess of Norfolk, and the hear-say anecdotes of that woman's brother. By Archbishop Cranmer she was examined, and to Archbishop Cranmer she is said to have made such a confession as could proceed only from excessive terror, or such extreme weakness as is perfectly incompatible with the character of stra-

* The Duke was at the head of the splendid embassy which was sent to Francis, King of France, for the express purpose of furthering that divorce from Catherine of Spain, which would enable Henry to marry Anne Boleyn.

tagem and art ascribed to her on former occasions.

Two of her alleged companions in error were seized, and made confession of their guilt. But this confession cannot be adduced as proof of Catherine's criminality, without injury to Anne Boleyn; for Smeton, the most illiterate and sordid of those implicated in her accusation, was soothed or terrified into a confession equally explicit.

After reading the pathetic assertion of Dr. Henry, that Anne had not been treated with the "tenderness" conferred on Catherine, we now expect to find that Catherine's impending trial was conducted with the strictest attention to legal correctness; that her relatives presided, and that her friends were her advocates. —But, no: at first it was proposed to appoint a committee to examine her; but afterwards "a better method occurred to the king's council," viz. for them to petition the king to grant his permission for the two houses of parliament to proceed, and finish the queen's cause; and to their ultimate decision the council ventured to guarantee his Majesty's royal assent.

In total opposition to Dr. Henry, I term this the triumph of a party over the irritability of a sovereign. In plain sincerity, each candid reader must presume, that the machinations of a faction had now succeeded in persuading Henry to abandon his queen to the vengeance of her accusers. The venality of Henry's parliaments is well known to be proverbial; and, without doubt, "the king's council" had thoroughly assured themselves of the ductility of the sitting members, before they attempted to convince his Majesty of the propriety of referring this delicate and momentous affair to their "finishing."

Without listening to the exculpatory arguments of the accused; without even exposing their feelings to the moving spectacle of her terror and distress; did both houses of parliament, on February the 11th, 1542, condemn to death Queen Catherine Howard, on suspicions whispered by female servant and her brother, and arranged and presented to the king by Archbishop Cranmer! Surely, this is the first instance in which an historian, pretending to any resemblance of freedom from party prejudice, and to any thing bordering on sobriety of disquisition, has been known to designate the condemnation of an accused person, unheard and unseen, by the appellation of partiality or "tenderness!"

In fact, this period of Henry's history was a juncture the most alarming to the friends of the Reformation. Cromwell was dead, and the king's extravagant fondness for a Romish queen conveyed serious grounds for apprehension to those partizans of the reformed religion, who knew the ease with which a favoured female of ability might pervert the opinions of a monarch of such violent passions. This very circumstance should awaken the suspicions of a candid historian, when he finds that obnoxious Romish queen charged with a capital crime by the apprehensive party, and consigned to death under their cognizance: but Dr. Henry is content to go with the stream; and, after detailing the allegations preferred by her opponents, rests satisfied with observing (though an impartial writer should have coolly examined the moral probability and legal tenor of the charges) that "*in a word* it was now fully proved!!" &c.

Yet how many circumstances concur to lead us into a belief of this proof not being full. When that parliament assembled which was predestined to doom Queen Catherine to death, the chancellor opened the session with a very long speech concerning the queen and her alledged crimes. Let us then refer to the journals of the house. There, if justice were the object of discussion, must necessarily stand a complete exposition of the proofs, under sanction of which parliament was called to criminate the actions of a sovereign mistress. We may look; but what shall we find? Why, this entry in the journals of one of Henry's corrupt parliaments; "that the chancellor made, on the subject of Queen Catherine, a very long speech,

which it would have required three hours to write and one hour to read, and that the clerks were *so much engaged with other business that they could take down only a small part of it!!!*" The only portion of this important speech preserved on the records, consists entirely of a string of the most extravagant compliments respecting the king's personal beauty and mental powers. Is this the fulness of proof which Dr. Henry is content to sum up in "a word?"—Passion, Prejudice, and Poetry! when will come the day that you have entirely receded from the breasts even of our more serious historical writers?

In confirmation of the conjecture that the death of Catherine Howard was the mere triumph of a party over unheard innocence, may perhaps be noted the clemency with which the majority of those implicated in her accusations were treated, when the destruction of the grand victim had been successfully effected. The queen's grandmother, her uncle, with several other relations, and many servants, who had been found guilty of misprision of treason in concealing the queen's presumed vices, were sentenced, as Dr. Henry informs us, to perpetual imprisonment; but he forgot to add, as he might have done on the authority of Lord Herbert, that the chief of these were liberated after a very short confinement.

That, in this instance, the successful reformers behaved with more moderation than the catholics when triumphant over their sacrifice, would have been a fair object for the display of the Doctor's considerable powers of historical eloquence; and in this he would have probably met with the concurrence of every enlightened friend of human nature. But while a candid illustration of circumstance and character remains a desideratum in the esteem of the inquirer into our national history, I never can suppose that that man's mode of narration will be highly valued, who sentences the supporter of an opposite party "in a word," and decorates his estimate of a partizan with epithets suited only to the meridian of a novel, or extracted from that popular ballad, the Children in the Wood.*

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged correspondent,

J. N. BREWER.

REPLY *to* THEATRICUS, *respecting the* PLAY *of* "TRUE PATRIOTISM."

Plas, Issa, near Abergele,
SIR, *20th Sept.* 1808.

IN perusing your Magazine for August, p. 102, I find an enquiry made by Theatricus after a play called *True Patriotism*; and I beg leave to inform him, through the medium of your publication, that I am in possession of it, and any inclination he may have for the same will be attended to, by addressing himself to, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN JONES.

P.S. His letter, with real name, directed as above, to be left at the *Bee inn*, Abergele.

EXTRACTS *from* POLYÆNUS' STRATAGEMS. *By Dr.* TOULMIN.

[Continued from p. 216.]

No. 47.—*Semiramis.*

SEMIRAMIS, as she was bathing, heard of the revolt of the Scythians; on this, without tying on her sandals or plaiting her hair, she immediately hastened to commence a war; and had the following proclamation engraved on a pillar:—

"Nature has formed me a woman; but, in actions, I am not inferior to the bravest man. I reign over Nineveh: to the east, the river Hinamames bounds my dominions: to the south, the country that produces frankincense and myrrh: to the north, the Sacæ and the Sogdians. No Assyrian, before me, hath seen the sea. I have visited four seas, at a most remote distance and of boundless extent. I have compelled rivers to flow, where I willed it; and I willed it wherever it was proper.—

* The term "unnatural uncle" shines with a very striking effect at the head of that ancient composition.

I have taught the barren land to be cultivated: I have poured my rivers over it. I have raised impregnable walls. I have made a passage with iron through inaccessible rocks. I have, with my chariots, cut roads, where the wild beasts never passed. Time would fail me, were I to enumerate the great works by which I have benefited myself and my friends."

No. 48.—*Clœlia.*

The Romans, when at war with the Tuscans, entered into a treaty of peace, and gave, as hostages, the virgin daughters of noblemen. The hostages went to bathe in the river Tyber. Clœlia, who was one of them, persuaded all the rest to tie their gowns round their heads, and to swim over the river, which, on account of its deep whirlpools, it was difficult to pass. When they had crossed it, the Romans admired their courage, but, to maintain the faith of treaties, sent them back to the Tuscans. Porsenna, the King of the Tuscans, enquired of the damsels, who had advised them? Clœlia, anticipating the rest, confessed the fact. Porsenna, astonished and charmed with the manliness of the girl, presented her with a horse very richly caparisoned, and, extolling them all, sent them back to Rome.

No. 49.—*Porcia.*

Porcia, the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus, suspecting that her husband had formed a design against the life of Cæsar, cut her thigh with a barber's razor, that she might display her strength of mind, and shew what her body could endure. Brutus then entrusted her with the secret. On this she brought his coat to her husband, and a sword concealed in it. Brutus went out with the associates in his purpose, attacked Cæsar, and killed him. After this, being worsted in battle against Augustus, he put an end to his own life. Porcia, at first, would have starved herself to death, but was restrained from it by her servants and relations. She then commanded a fire to be prepared on the altar, as if she were about to anoint herself. Seizing the live coals with her hands, she threw them into her mouth and swallowed them before any of her attendants could hinder it. Thus died Porcia; a singular pattern of affection to her husband, and of heroism and fortitude, even unto death.

No. 50.—*The Women of Argos.*

Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus, at the invitation of the Argive Aristeus, attacked Argos. The Argives, taking up their arms, ran together into the market-place; but the women, going upon the roofs of the houses, pelting the men of Epirus below, forced them to retreat, so that Pyrrhus, one of the bravest generals, died with a blow of a tile on his head. The women of Argos obtained the greatest glory among the Grecians, from the fall of the great warrior Pyrrhus, not by the hands of men, but of females.

Sir, *Sept.* 12*th*, 1808.

I HAVE the pleasure of enclosing to you a plan of the *Seaman's Friend*, for such communication of it to the public through the medium of the Universal Magazine as you may think proper, and remain,

Your humble and
Obedient servant,
W. H. Mallison.

Plan *of an* Institution, *for supplying the different Sea port Towns with Mr.* Mallison's *Invention, called* The Seaman's Friend; *for the purpose of going to the Assistance of Vessels, when Wrecked, submitted to the different Societies and Individuals in London, June* 25, 1807.

That it being proved, to our entire satisfaction, by the use of Mr. Mallison's invention, called the Seaman's Friend, it becomes impossible to sink, when in deep water; and, considering, that a general diffusion of them may be attended with the most beneficial effects; and, by a distribution of them at the sea-port towns most liable to be witness to a misfortune, for which there has been found no remedy; the most happy consequences will ensue; inasmuch as it will enable the different pilots, fishermen, sea-fencibles, and inhabitants, to proceed to the assistance of vessels,

in cases where they have hitherto been prevented, only by the certainty of adding their own lives to the number of the unfortunate sufferers.

We resolve, that, considering the number of lives, and immense property annually lost by wreck, every unnecessary delay should be avoided: and being well aware of the difficulties and expenses first attending the introduction of any subject, however meritorious, and should the present summer months pass over, the intention would in a great measure be defeated, that the whole of the management be entrusted to Mr. Mallison for twelve months, he giving his own security, and that of two others, in a bond of two hundred pounds each, that the money subscribed shall be applied for the express purpose of supplying the different sea-port towns with the Seaman's Friend, and the furtherance of the views of the above Society.

and trusts, from the liberality of the higher classes of this country, Mr. Mallison will be enabled, immediately, to carry his intentions into execution; for which purpose the following syllabus is published.

That Mr. Mallison be appointed secretary and treasurer, and requested to use such means, to promote the intentions of the society, as to him shall seem most expedient.

That Mr. Mallison be immediately ordered to proceed and give from ten to twenty or thirty of these Seaman's Friends, with proper directions, and convince the fishermen, pilots, seafencibles, and inhabitants, of the impossibility of sinking, when in deep water, and that the Seaman's Friend shall then be kept at the town-hall, church, or at the houses of such inhabitants as shall engage to preserve and bring them forward in the hour of distress.

Note. A list of the names of every pilot, fisherman, or individual, to whom the Seaman's friend is entrusted, be given to the mayor, resident clergyman, or officers commanding sea-fencibles, and fixed on the church porch; that it may be known who possess them.

That, when such towns and inhabitants are perfectly satisfied of the utility of the invention, they shall be requested to remit the value of the Seaman's Friend, at the rate of thirteen shillings each; which, with any sum the inhabitants of the town, from the sense of the service the invention may prove to society, when extended, may think proper to add, will be placed to the credit of the Institution.

That those, who should be so fortunate as to have their lives, or their property preserved, through the use of these means, be requested to become subscribers, in such sums as their gratitude, and circumstances, may permit.

That, there being always a difficulty in the introduction of any subject, however useful, particular exertions, to preserve the lives of our fellow creatures from destruction, shall be rewarded, out of the funds of the society, with such remuneration as the resident clergyman, magistrate, or principal inhabitants, shall consider adequate (always paying regard to the state of the funds).

Note. The necessary certificate must be signed by the clergyman, magistrate, or principal inhabitants.

Resolved, that the bond of Henry Barker, Esq. of Gray's-Inn; Mr. James Brandon, of Covent-Garden theatre; and W. H. Mallison; in the sum of two hundred pounds each, be considered a sufficient security for any sums of money that may be received, by Mr. Mallison, in trust for this Institution.

That, Mr. Mallison is ordered to keep a Dr. and Cr. account of all monies, so subscribed, and likewise of all monies received and paid, for the use of this Institution.

That, Mr. Mallison be permitted to charge the sum of thirteen shillings for each Seaman's Friend sent or given for the above purpose.

That, Mr. Mallison be permitted to place all necessary expences of printing, stationary, correspondences, rewards, and any other unforeseen expense, that may occur, on account of the express purposes of this Institution, to the debt of the account.

And, in order that the subscribers may be informed of the progress of the Institution, Mr. Mallison is ordered at the end of six or nine months

to give an account of all his proceedings; and of all monies that have passed through his hands, to the subscribers, either by printed particulars, or the public papers.

And, at the end of twelve months, Mr. Mallison engages, if required by the subscribers, should it be found expedient to enlarge the plan, to deliver, to the committee, then appointed, all books of accounts, papers, balances of money and documents, relative to the Institution, under the forfeiture of the sum of four hundred pounds of the bounden, Henry Barker, Esq. and Mr. James Brandon, and likewise of his own two hundred pounds.

And, we hope that those, whom affluence has placed beyond the reach of so dreadful an evil, as this invention is intended to remedy, will assist, with such subscription, as seems to them most proper, especially when they consider the number of lives, and immense property, annually lost, for want of some means, by which assistance can be given to the unfortunate sufferers; and, that few subjects deserve a more serious attention than a means of preventing the continual and dreadful, though silent waste of our fellow creatures, by shipwreck.

Upon receiving several letters from different societies and individuals, among others H. R. H. the Duke of Kent and the Earl of Stanhope, I determined to new model the plan; and as the chief difficulty appeared to be procuring the bond to be executed, to limit the sum and take the whole charge and responsibility on myself, previous to which, I procured two men, who, by leaping off London Bridge and swimming down to Deptford, would place beyond all doubt the certain security the invention would afford the purchaser from ever sinking in deep water. The experiment took place on the 7th of July, before thousands of spectators, by one man only, the other being taken and carried to the Poultry Compter, whilst in the act of getting on the ballustrades; the other leaped off at the moment the beadles of the bridge were placing a ladder against the lamp irons to take him into custody, they considering the attempt too hazardous for any individual being permitted to try. The success, however, was every way equal to what was expected; and, on his rising on the surface of the water, a liberal contribution among the nobility and gentlemen present, expressed their satisfaction more than the universal plaudits of the surrounding populace: he afterwards swam, occasionally relieved by another, to Bell Wharf, beyond all the shipping in the river, a distance of three miles; the coldness of the day, after such an unequivocal proof, rendering it unnecessary to proceed to Deptford as was at first proposed. And on the 28th of July, the same man leaped off the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, a height of sixty feet, and with three others, one a lad of ten years of age, swam as far as Battersea Bridge.—It remains for me therefore only to observe, that this simple invention is made of such materials as will last with common care seven or eight years, and is entirely out of the way of every action the human frame is capable of; which was completely proved by the men who rowed the barge carrying the music, wearing the invention without any hindrance to the management of the oar. Not doubting that the sentiments expressed in the several letters and resolutions will influence many of the affluent and humane, I submit the plan to the nobility and principal merchants; and will do myself the pleasure of waiting on them for such subscription they may deem the attempt deserving.

It having been observed by some, that the "Seaman's Friend" was still inadequate to prevent individuals from being dashed on the rocks, &c. in struggling to get on shore, I have only to observe, that I have made every inquiry at the different sea-port towns where I have been, among the class of men who must eventually carry the whole into execution; and their answer invariably has been the following:—that the rocks and surfs did not at present prevent their attempting to proceed to the assistance of these unfortunate sufferers, whenever the possibility presented itself of so doing, without a certainty of losing their own lives; and that the possession of this invention, by which

they could not possibly sink, would certainly enable them to make greater exertions than they do at present. It is my intention, therefore, to limit the subscription to four hundred pounds, which I conceive to be every way sufficient, (unless the success should be so great as to warrant an extension) but on account of the few summer months that remain, not to wait until the whole of the sum is subscribed; but, on receiving two hundred pounds, to leave the subscription open at a banker's, and by as early a distribution as possible, prepare for the usual consequences of the winter; and have no doubt, that when for an instant they whom affluence has placed beyond the reach of so dreadful an evil, as this attempt is intended to remedy, will allow that few subjects deserve a more serious attention, than a means of preventing the continual and dreadful, though silent, waste of our fellow creatures by shipwreck, and consider this attempt for that purpose worthy every trial.

From the result of experiments that have been made by the desire of the committee at Lloyd's, and which, from the variable state of our climate, could not be executed until lately, they have done me the honour of permitting the Plan to lay at the bar of their house; I therefore wish clearly to define the object intended —which is to distribute a certain number of this invention among the fishermen and pilots, according to the degree of danger attending the situation, and convince them of the impossibility of themselves ever sinking, when employed in their humane endeavours of rendering assistance; under the idea, that when they become confirmed and experienced in the use of this invention, few instances of wreck will occur where assistance will not be given. The mere inspection of the invention is sufficient to convince every sensible man of the service it must prove, distributed in the manner proposed: however, to place the matter beyond doubt, any person is permitted to try them, on leaving the value.

The money already received amounts to 112*l.* 1*s.* The expense incurred, consisting of stationary, printing, postage, &c. &c. &c. since June 23, 1807, amounts to 52*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* leaving a balance, August 11th, 1808, of 59*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*

It is in the most calamitous shipwrecks where the invention will prove of the greatest service; the fishermen and pilots can see the vessel a few fathoms from them; distinctly hear the cries of the unfortunate sufferers; behold the crew perish before their eyes; and yet it has been hitherto out of human power to yield them any assistance, consistent with individual safety; fatal experience having taught them, that to attempt succour is only extending the scene of suffering mortality; but were from fifteen to thirty of the fishermen and pilots convinced, by actual practice, that this invention affords certain preservation from drowning, how many of these brave men, whose intrepidity even now astonishes us, would hesitate an instant to render assistance; and how many valuable lives, and immense property may not, by this means, be saved to society.

Such gentlemen, whose philanthropy will incline to assist the undertaking, will have the kindness to place the subscription they shall consider this attempt may merit, to Messrs. Bennet and White, at the bar of Lloyd's; Messrs. Drummonds, the bankers, Charing-cross; or Mr. Mallison, No. 6, St. Michael's-Alley, Cornhill, where the invention may be inspected, and taken for trial.

An EXPLANATION *to "H." a Painswick Correspondent.*

SIR,

I CONFESS myself very much pleased with the quotation of your Painswick correspondent, (p. 215) in your periodical publication for September; and I trust that you will permit me, through its medium, to acknowledge my obligations to him, for endeavouring to render that part of the Scottish history clear, which, judging from the "justly admired work of Robertson's, was all darkness and uncertainty."

However, I particularly wish to inform your correspondent, that the

principal cause of my "remarks" was not so much to ascertain the respective characters of the leaders of either party, as to enquire how far the learned Doctor had, by delineating them, justified the conclusion he drew, that King James's "favour was due to the nobles," but bestowed on a "despicable retinue."

If your correspondent, by proving Cochran to be a party member of an infamous set, in the most lamentable state of slavery and vassalage,—if, I say, by proving this, the argument of mine is thereby affected, why then I give up the point in despair: but until this is made to appear, I must be of opinion, that the subject, so far as Dr. Robertson is concerned, remains in the same situation it did at first.

I readily admit, that I did demand "what difference it made to the *people* of Scotland, whether King James took into his favour Cochran a mason, or Angus a noble?" and forming my opinion from the learned historian, I do now contend, that I am not supposed to know that Angus was a person possessing more integrity, a sincerer love for his country, better abilities, or a greater degree of courage, than Cochran. All that is said of either is, that the one is a mason, and the other a noble. And how can it be proved from this, that James, by taking into his favour either Cochran or Angus, did thereby affect the interests of the *people* of Scotland? But this is not the point for which I chiefly contended; nor am I here by any means justifying the conduct of James. I asserted, and am now asserting, that the Doctor drew his conclusion apparently unsupported by any evidence, and in direct opposition to the established order of things; which, if generally adopted, must inevitably produce extremely injurious consequences to civil liberty.

Before I conclude this explanation, I deem it necessary to remark, that I should not have named or particularized either Angus or Cochran, but for the exemplification of my argument; and if I had been so fortunate as to have remembered the *names* of "John Nokes" and *Thomas Stiles*, every object I had in view would have been abundantly answered. In taking my leave, I beg to say, that the general conduct of the "monarch" is held by me in the utmost contempt and abhorrence; for "virtue was an enemy to James, and James an enemy to virtue."

I am, &c.

Beckington, J. C.
Oct. 10, 1808.

An Account *of a* male *and* female Elephant, *kept in the* Menagerie *of the* Garden *of* Plants, *at* Paris. *By* Sonnini.

It is not only in the mild temperature of luxurious Asia, that man is proud of holding in dependence the largest, as well as the most intelligent of animals. European princes have sought to imitate, in some degree, this Asiatic luxury, and have had transported from time to time, at a great expense, elephants to be kept in their menageries, where they necessarily lose a part of their faculties, as well from the difference of climate, as from the small and confined space in proportion to their bulk, which is necessarily allotted to them. Whatever degradation, however, results from servitude and constraint; whatever alterations may be produced, not only in the native disposition, but in the external formation, by a less serene sky, and by a less heated atmosphere, yet, even in these expatriated elephants, may be found the same qualities as distinguish them when living in a state of liberty, or rather in a state of voluntary domesticity in their natal country. I have thought therefore, that it would not be uninteresting to give a detail of the observations which have been hitherto made upon the two elephants which have been brought up in the menagerie of the Garden of Plants at Paris. For the greater part of them, indeed, I am indebted to Delaunay, to whom natural history, in general, is under great obligations, both for the assiduity with which he collects facts, and the unwillingness with which he communicates them.

The two elephants, male and female, which are now at Paris, are, it is said, originally from the island of Ceylon: they are about seventeen years old, and they were not above two

when they arrived in Holland for the menagerie of the Stadtholder. Their size was then about that of an ordinary horse, and from that period they have continued gradually to increase.

It was not a small difficulty to convey these two enormous masses from Loo to Paris. They tried many cages for the purpose: the first, constructed too weak in the joints, was soon broken by the elephants: and they had a great deal of trouble to make them enter a second; nor was it, till after having habituated them to take their food in it, that they succeeded in inclosing each of them in separate apartments. At first, they made incredible efforts to break down the partition; but having found that their endeavours were vain, they became resigned, and remained tranquil during the rest of the journey, which lasted for seven months.

Being detained five months at Cambray, on account of the destruction of the roads, they lost their tusks in some violent efforts which they made from being imprudently provoked. These tusks were not above six inches in length; and there is every appearance that they will breed new ones as they advance in age.

The two moveable prisons in which these elephants arrived are preserved in the menagerie at Paris. While we contemplate the solidity of their construction, we may judge of the constraint which these animals must have endured during so long a journey. Not being able to enjoy any progressive motion, they contracted a habit of balancing themselves, but each in a different manner. The male, for example, advancing one of the front feet, and drawing back one of the hind ones, on the opposite side, gave to his body a slow oscillation backwards and forwards: the female was content with lifting her head up and down briskly.

They have a great deal of flexibility and suppleness in the articulation of their joints: they easily bend, and frequently lie and wallow about. The female usually sleeps in a recumbent posture, but only during the night. The male does not lie down so often, and it has been observed, that neither of them repose if they are agitated by any inquietude: their sleep is not very profound, and they spring up quickly at the least noise which they hear; so much do they fear to be surprised, and to be unable to employ all their strength in case of danger.

This restless inquietude never forsakes them. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could be induced to enter the small inclosure prepared for them at the end of their stable, for the purpose of enjoying the open air: but this inclosure is in fact too confined for animals of so vast a bulk. The female, less cautious, or more curious, first resolved to quit the stable; but it was not till after much hesitation and many precautions. The male, more mistrustful, remained a long time without daring to follow the female: but after having examined their new inclosure, and being convinced there was no danger, they began to run about, and to utter cries expressive of their contentment. At first they shut the door of the stable, in order to force them to remain in their sort of park; but the male who perceived it, grew angry, and he would have shattered the door in a thousand pieces, if they had not quickly opened it: he then entered the stable, and would not quit it any more till the next day. When the two elephants have been a long time confined, on account of the rain or cold weather, they shew a great deal of pleasure at the recovery of a shadow of liberty. This pleasure they express by leaps, cries, peculiar motions of their trunks, trotting, &c. Often the female approaches towards the male, puts her trunk in his ear, and seems to whisper: sometimes also she utters a shrill and piercing cry. Their first care, when they enter their little park, is to run to a trough which is kept full of water; they suck in the water, and fill their trunks with it, and they spurt it out over each other's body. When the ground is saturated with the water thus thrown about, they roll themselves on it; and this habit is a proof how much a pond, in which they could bathe and wash themselves, would be agreeable. Both in the park and in the stable, they often throw hay and even dung on their bodies.

When in the park they often make holes with their feet: they collect the earth together, and often carry it to their mouths, and sometimes scatter it over themselves till they are quite dirty and dusty. Sometimes they throw or blow it at the spectators, or at the centinel, and even at their *cornak*, (the groom which attends them). This is sometimes meant as sport, and sometimes as a sign of impatience and anger.

These animals are particularly fond of breaking whatever is within their reach: it is an exercise of their strength which seems to give them great pleasure. If they succeed so far as to bend whatever they wish to break, they never cease till they have accomplished it; but if their first efforts are not successful, they never renew the attempt.

Though voracious eaters, they are notwithstanding difficult and fastidious in their choice of food. They separate their hay with a great deal of care; they prefer grass, and they look for and reject the small plants and the leaves which they find mixed with it. They have been seen this year to separate with great attention the leaves of a plantain, which, the preceding year, they did not refuse to eat. I am astonished that, notwithstanding the knowledge we have of the manner in which wild elephants nourish themselves, they do not offer to those of the menagerie branches of trees, and even the whole of young trees which they would like to break and eat.

Though not possessing many opportunities for developing that intelligence which renders this species of animal so interesting, yet these elephants, notwithstanding the constraint in which they constantly lived, gave many instances of sensibility, of reflection, and a sort of combination.

Separated from each other during a long and tedious journey, the moment they met again was to them a moment of great joy, and to the observer of nature, a curious event. When the female entered the stable which was prepared for her, and which was divided into two compartments, communicating with each other by a door, she uttered first of all a cry expressive of her joy at being at liberty: she did not perceive the male who was already in the compartment occupied in eating. Neither did he think that his companion was so near him; but the *cornak* having called him, he turned round, and immediately these two animals ran towards each other, and began to utter cries of joy so lively and so loud, that the whole place shook: at the same time they made a sort of noise with their trunks which resembled a strong wind. The joy of the female was the most impetuous, and she expressed it particularly by a quick flapping of her ears, which she moved like the wings of a bird, and with an extreme celerity. She moved her trunk over the body of the male with tenderness and delight: she directed it particularly towards his ear, where she held it some time: often too, after having passed it over the whole body of the male, she brought it towards her own mouth. The male also passed his trunk over her body: but his joy was more concentrated, and he seemed to express it by tears, which flowed in abundance from his eyes.

One of the naturalists belonging to the museum of natural history wished one day to draw the elephants. He was introduced into one of the compartments; but his presence, from some motive or other, displeased the animals. Hardly had the artist began his labours, when the male, without being perceived, took out the peg with his trunk, which kept the door fast, and opened it. He was preparing to inflict vengeance on his victim, if the female, who luckily heard the noise, had not turned round, and placed herself suddenly across the door to prevent the male from coming out; she drove him to the other side, and with a blow of the nose, in a contrary direction to that given by the male, she closed the door again: all which afforded time and opportunity for the artist to escape. It is affirmed, that, on this occasion, the physiogmy of the two animals assumed quite a different appearance; and it is impossible to deny, that their conduct was the result of a prompt, just, and opposite combination.

A private centinel, who was faithful to his trust when it was his turn to

guard the elephants, forbad visitors to give them any thing to eat. Such conduct was not calculated to gain their love: the female, in particular, viewed it with offence, and she had already given proofs of her disgust by sprinkling his head with her trunk. But still the soldier was strict to his duty: and one day, when there was a great number of spectators, he received first of all some water on his head; but continuing to forbid any bread, &c. to be given to them, the female, irritated, seized his musket, turned it round with her trunk, threw it to her feet, and did not quit it till she had twisted it like a gun-worm.

These elephants appeared very sensible of music at a concert which was given to them by the performers of the opera. The female, in particular, more susceptible, seemed to balance herself in cadence, and to mark the measure.

[*To be continued.*]

THE BEE.—No. XII.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos. LUCRETIUS.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

THE following singular epitaph is engraved on a tombstone in Margate churchyard:—

Physicians were in vain:
God knew best;
So here I rest.

SNAKE STONES.

These were amulets used by the Druids: Pliny says they wore them as a badge of distinction, and tells a very ridiculous story of the manner of taking them: but, according to Camden, (or his continuator) there is a like superstition about this matter still subsisting in most parts of Wales, throughout all Scotland, and in Cornwall. He says, it is there "the common opinion of the vulgar, that about Midsummer eve, (though in the time they do not all agree) it is usual for snakes to meet in companies; and that, by joining heads together and hissing, a kind of bubble is formed, like a ring, about the head of one of them, which the rest, by continual hissing, blow on till it comes off at the tail, and then it immediately hardens and resembles a glass ring, which, whoever finds, (as some old women and children are persuaded) shall prosper in all his undertakings. The rings thus generated are called *gleinen nadroedh*; in English, snake stones. They are small glass amulets, commonly about half as wide as our finger rings, but much thicker, of a green colour usually, though some of them are blue, and others curiously waved with blue, red, and white."

SPANISH THEATRICALS.

On the drop scene of a wretched company of Spanish comedians, who were performing at St. Rocque, a town a few miles from Gibraltar, were the following words thus arranged:

Canendo
Ridendo,
Corrico
Mores.

PORCELAIN.

The difficulty of preparing this manufacture is so excessive, that it has given rise to an hyperbolical, proverbial phrase, "that human bones are an ingredient in China ware."

THE OSSIFIED MAN.

John Clark, called the ossified man, was a native of Cork. Early in life his joints stiffened, his locomotive powers were lost, and his very jaws grew together, so that it became necessary for his sustenance to pour liquids into his mouth by means of a hole perforated through his teeth. He lived in this state several years, leaning against a wall, till at length the very organs of life were converted into bone. His skeleton is preserved in Trinity college, Dublin.

REMARKABLE SUSCEPTIBILITY IN SLEEP.

Dr. Beattie speaks of a gentleman, whose imagination was so easily affected in sleep by impressions made on the external senses, that his companions could suggest any thing to it by whispering gently in his ear; and that they once made him go through the whole procedure of a duel, till he was wakened by the report of a pistol.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

The colour of a man's life has frequently taken its first tinge from

accident. On sitting one day under a pear tree in the yard of the boarding house at Harrow, where he was at school, some of the fruit fell off, and there was a general scramble of the boys that were near the tree, for it: poor young Jones had his thigh broke in the press, and was directly conveyed to bed, where he lay for a long time, and contracted a love of reading from the books that were brought to amuse him.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

This gallant nobleman being complimented one day with the assertion, that no one had ever been able to make him *afraid*, replied, "Shew me a danger that I think real and unavoidable, and you shall then see that my fears are like those of other men."

HENRY IV.

This amiable monarch of the French used to say, "there would be fewer wars in the world if every sovereign would visit his military hospitals the next day after a battle."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD TUILERIES.

This palace of the French kings was thus called, because a tile kiln formerly stood on the scite where it is erected.

AN EPIGRAM ON A FRIAR.

As a dissolute wag lay dying in bed,
"Repent, I beseech you," his good beadsman said;
"For to tell you a secret,—below in the hall
"The devil just now did my senses appal!"
"And under what likeness?"—"Why that of an ass:"
"The fear of your shadow:"—so let the joke pass.

The RHAPSODY *of a* MISANTHROPE: *a* FRAGMENT.

For the Universal Magazine.

NO.—Man was not formed for society. Virtue withers before its pestilential blast! It is there that Vice commits her ravages beneath the mask of candour! It is there where oppression treads upon the neck of humility, and galls with her bitter chains the breast of freedom! There, the noisy importunity of dissimulation lords it over the meek aspirations of conscious Virtue, who retires to solitude, her birth-place and her home!

I had a heart formed to love, to honour, to revere my fellow creatures! It might have nurtured every thing that was holy, every thing that was great, that was noble. Perennial virtue might have bloomed there, and lent its shade to thousands that surrounded me! But it has been trampled on; crushed; degraded; torn with disappointments; perfidy has planted there its thorns, and ingratitude has infixed its envenomed arrows.

Oh! when I walked forth in the morning of my days, greeting with smiles the human form, extending on every side the hand of friendship, candour, and benevolence, how my soul joyed at the prospect then before it. What varied pictures of bliss it drew, coloured with the resplendent tints of ardent fancy, and breathing with living splendour!—The paths were strewed with roses; quick-springing flowers decked each side; birds of brighter plumage, and of more melodious note, winged the air; fields of fresher verdure and groves of darker shade filled the eye! Elysium beamed upon me! I drank large draughts of pleasure down, and banquetted on smiles!

Ah! why did the dear deception vanish? Alas! why, as I wandered in the fairy heaven, did each step tear from my eyes the veil that blinded them? The roses were artificial, and they covered dark and horrid pitfalls! the flowers, that seemed each moment to renew, wreathed their intwisted stems, to hide the asp, the deadly serpent, and the adder, which coiled behind in act to dart upon the unwary traveller, or to send forth their poison unobserved; the songsters that roved the ambient air, glancing their various mingled hues, and pouring forth their universal song of gratulation, still receded as I advanced, ceased their melodies, lost their brilliancy, diminished, and died away! The fields and groves, appearing to be blended in such sweet accord, served but to complete the general delusion! My cup, mantling with joy and smiles, soon poured forth a bitter beverage; a beverage of tears; tears of agony shed over the

dying delusions of my heart, which now deserted me in the dark waste that stood before me, the gloomy, savage, and horrid perspective!

A WORD *in* JOHNSON, *not to be found in* JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

Sir,

DR. JOHNSON, in one of his various discourses with James Boswell, confessed to him that he had not admitted into his dictionary above three or four words of his own making. This may probably be true: but it is perhaps hardly suspected, that the Doctor has used a word, in the very first number of his Rambler, for which there is not only no authority in the English language, but Johnson has it not in his own dictionary. I allude to the word *proemial* in the following sentence:

"The epick writers have found the *proemial* part of the poem such an addition to their undertaking," &c.

Was this omission accidental, or was it a silent condemnation of his own practice?

I remain, &c.

Leeds, Oct. 1, 1808. PERCUNCTATOR.

AN ORIGINAL LATIN LETTER OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

The following Letter, written by this celebrated man, will be read with interest, as a literary curiosity. It is literally *printed from the autograph of Swedenborg. The first part seems to be an answer to some biblical queries of his correspondent; and the latter is a short sketch of his life. The letter is addressed* — A Monsieur Doctor Husband Messiter, at Broomhouse in Fulham, Middlesex. *Being a relick valuable only to the scholar, we have not thought it necessary to subjoin a translation.*

AMICUM RESPONSUM.

GAUDEO ex amicitia tua, quam testificaris in epistola tua ad me scripta; refero tibi gratias pro hac et pro illa: persevera quæso in veritate fidei, quam amplexus es. Quod concernit duplicem humanitem in Christo; qualis illa fuit, in Summaria Expositione Doctrina Novæ Ecclesiæ, quæ in manu tua est, N. 117 illustratum videas. Humanitas prior fuit humanitas divina cœlestis, posterior autem humanitas naturalis, quam assumsit, ut pugnaret cum infernis, et omnia in illis et in cœlis, et quoque in terris in ordinem redigerat; et quoque ut hominibus in mundo, qui omnes naturales sunt, propius adesset et inesset. Humanitas divina cœlestis fuit interius in Domino, cum erat in mundo, et ex illa desumpsit quantum ipsi placuit, imprimis cum miracula fecit; sed illam interius apud se recondidit, cum tentationes subiit, et maxime cum passus est crucem; et toties fuit in statu exinanitionis; postea hanc humanitem plene univit divinæ cœlesti sui, et hic status est status glorificationis ipsius. Ex his paucis videri potest, quid intelligitur per hæc ipsius verba, *Pater glorifica me gloria, quam habui ante mundum conditum*; in statu exinanitionis oravit ad patrem sicut ad alium a se, at in statu glorificationis fuit ipse ille. Sed hoc in ipso opere de doctrina novæ ecclesiæ, quod redux in Sueciam sub auspicio Domini conscripturus sum, plane demonstrabitur.

Quod me attinet, natus sum anno 1689, d. 29 Jan. Stockholmia a patre nominato Jesper Swedberg, qui fuit episcopus Westro Gothiæ, suo tempore celebris; qui etiam in membrum societatis propagandi fidem, ab illa Angliæ societate adscitus et electus fuit. Anno 1710, et postea cum Carolo XII. Rege Sueciæ sæpius loquutus sum, qui multopero mihi favit, et insignivit munere Assessoris in Collegio metallico, quo postea functus sum usque ad annum 1747; quo anno me illo abdicavi, retinendo salarium istius muneris usque ad finem vitæ; abdicavi me illo unice propter finem, ut novæ functioni a Domino mihi injunctæ melius vacarem; offerebatur tunc mihi superior dignitatis gradus, sed illum prorsus renuntiavi, ne fastus inde invaderet animum. Anno 1719, Regina Ulrica Eleonora nobilitatus sum, et nominatus Swedenborg, et ab eo tempore in conventibus, qui quovis tertio anno recurrunt, fui inter nobiles in equestri ordine. Academiæ regiæ scientiarum, quæ Stock-

holmiæ est, consocius et membrum sum, ad quod solenniter invitatus sum; receptionem in aliquam societatem literatorum alibi nusquam petivi, quoniam in societate Angelica sum, et in hac solum agitur de talibus quæ cœli sunt, at in societatibus literatorum solum de talibus quæ mundi sunt.——Quoad cognationes meas, fuerant mihi 4 sorores; harum unam duxit in uxorem Eric Benzelius, qui postea factus est Archiepiscopus Upsaliæ, et sic ego agnatus cum duobus sequentibus Archiepiscopis ibi, qui erant Benzelii fratres minorennes prioris: alteram meam sororem duxit Lars Benzelstierna, qui fuit Gubernator provinciæ; sed hi mortui sunt: at duo Episcopi mei affines hodie inter vivos sunt, unus qui vocatur Filenius Episcopus Ostrogothiæ, qui nunc in Conventu Stockholmiæ in ordine ecclesiastico loco Archiepiscopi ægrotantis vices præsidis obit, hic filiam sororis meæ habuit uxorem: alter, Episcopus Wessmanniæ, qui est filius secundæ sororis meæ; ut taceam alios qui in dignitate sunt. Præterea in Suecia patria mea omnes episcopi, qui numero 10 sunt, et quoque senatores, qui numero 16, et reliqui magnates, me amant, et ex amore me honorant, et cum illis familiariter, sicut amicus cum amicis convivo, hoc fit, quia sciunt quod in consortio cum Angelis sim. Ipse Rex et Regina, ac tres illorum filii Principes mihi multopere favent: semel etiam a Rege et Regina invitatus ad mensam comedeo cum illis, quod alioquin non conceditur ulli nisi quam magnatibus; et similiter postea cum Principe hæreditario. Omnes avent reditum meum; quapropter in patria mea nihil minus timeo quam persequutionum, de qua faventur memoras in epistola tua; si me persequuntur alibi, hoc ad me non pertingit. Sed reconsita illa aspicio ut parvi momenti respective, nam id quod illa excedit, est, quod ab ipso Domino vocatus sim ad munus apostolicum, qui se in persona manifestavit mihi anno 1743; ab eo tempore apertus est mihi visus in spiritualem mundum, et datum est loqui cum spiritibus et angelis, quod perstitit usque ad hunc diem. Quod aliquoties e patria mea profectus sim ad exteras regiones, non fuit ex alia causa, quam ex desiderio faciendi usus, et detegendi arcana mihi concredita. Præterea possideo opes quantum sat est, nec quæro neque desidero plus. Ad hæc commemoranda adducor a tua epistola, ut præjudicia male capta amoveantur, ut scribis.—Vale, et tibi felicia in hoc mundo et in futuro ex corde adopto; nec dubito, quin illis, si spectas et oras ad Dominum nostrum, potiturus sis.

EMAN. SWEDENBORG.

Londini, 1769, d. 5 Aug.

MR. BENSON TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

A CORRESPONDENT in your last number, (Mr. Fletcher) has intimated his intention of answering my objections to Locke (See Univ. Mag. for August, p. 101) by the aid of the context, but he knows not where to find the passage I have quoted. For his information I shall observe, that the volume from which I made the extract is a small duodecimo, entitled *The Conduct of the Understanding*. In this volume, which consists of only 160 pages, the subject is not divided into books or chapters, but simply into *sections*, and from the ninth section I quoted the passage in my preceding letter. Hoping this information will prove satisfactory to Mr. Fletcher, and that I may be benefited by his obervations,

I remain, &c.

Richmond, H. BENSON.
Oct. 7, 1808.

A CONTRADICTION *in* MILTON.

Sir,

WHEN great men err, little men should rejoice, for beneath the sanctity of their example, they may offend in safety; and next to the pleasure of being thus precedented in what is wrong, is that of finding out what is wrong. Let me therefore indulge myself in that pleasure, by pointing out what appears to me to be a contradiction in our English Homer.

In the sixth book of Paradise Lost, where the poet exalts his imagination to the "highest heaven of invention," and narrates the wars of celestial beings, he has contrived to convey an

idea of the greatness of the deity in the following lines. Describing the onset of the Messiah, he says,

"under his burning wheels
The steady empyrean shook throughout
All but the throne itself of God."

This was a grand conception, and suitable to the notion of an omnipotent being: but in the first book of the poem, when Satan first breaks silence on the burning lake, he says, that he opposed the utmost power of God,

"In dubious battle on the plains of heaven
And shook his throne."

Now, in my humble judgment, which however vails to superior ones, this is a contradiction; and not only a contradiction, but it is an idea inconsistent with almighty omnipotence.

I remain, &c.

Oct. 9, 1808. A. B.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS *on the* PROCEEDINGS *of the* "SOCIETY *for the* SUPPRESSION *of* VICE."

SIR,

WHEN societies are established on principles of public utility and general good, every well thinking man will bestow on their exertions a due meed of applause; and the applause of the collective body will confirm the approbation of the individual. This has been the case in all ages and communities; and thus has humanity been encouraged, virtue cherished, and benevolence inculcated. In our own country *we* can bear testimony to the fact; and the sorrowful child of poverty, disease, and wretchedness, will tell with a grateful heart the relief he has experienced from the liberal aid of our public institutions.

But I come now, Sir, to mention another description of associations, which are as grating to my feelings, as those first spoken of, roused my pride, my love, and my veneration. I mean self-created and self-appointed societies. But why should I longer express myself in the plural number, when the singular is the appropriate one, or wear a mask which truth will soon compel me to throw off. Need I then tell those who may peruse this letter, that I allude to that illegal and abominable society, whose members arrogate to themselves the name of *Suppressors of Vice*; a society which I most devoutly wish may speedily sink to its original nothingness, "and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

When, where, and how, this junta was first established, the principles it then professed, the names of its members, &c. &c. I leave to future discussion: (for, Sir, I intend again addressing you, should you think favourably of my present essay). What I *now* more particularly wish, is to point out the increasing folly of these reformers, conceiving that every instance of their presumption ought to be given to the public in the strongest characters, when they or their myrmidons may deny the charge, if in their power. I have only to lament, that more publications than yours have not taken up the subject; and that the public newspapers in particular, which are the great source of intelligence to all, but *much more so* than periodical works to the lower orders, have not reprobated the proceedings of this society. It is not, however, a love of these men that keeps our newspapers silent on the subject, but an attachment to particular interests, such as that of Lords, M. P.'s, East India Directors, Bank Directors, &c. &c. whose patronage stifles the voice of justice towards the public. Let not these be called fanciful illusions: they are plain facts, sorrowful facts, which want not interpretations. Newspaper proprietors are interested men, as well as many of their neighbours; and the very same cause which prevents the purity of our parliamentary representation, operates against free discussion in the public prints. This society possesses *some* friends on both sides, and so none dare attack it.

But, to be brief, Sir, what I wish to point out to your readers, is the following instance of imbecility recently committed by these great national reformers. In the year 1807, a tombstone was erected in Shoreditch church yard, close to the street, with this inscription:—"*Doctor John Gardner's last and best bed room.*" Now really upon my honour, as a

moral man, I cannot find any thing reprehensible in this inscription: I see nothing in it worthy either of censure or of praise: I consider it as one of those effusions which pass unnoticed by the crowd, even in their own time, and therefore are not likely to be noticed by posterity. What motive the Doctor could have in thus anticipating the preparations for the awful day, which is to bear him from this "vale of tears," I know not; but certain it is, the stone was so erected and so inscribed. It is equally certain too, that a *grave* man, who resides a short distance beyond the 6 mile stone on Epping forest, and who is a suppressor of vice, was shocked at the Doctor's inscription, informed his fellow reformers of it; and the poor Doctor was either *requested* or *ordered* to alter it, which he has accordingly done, by interlining the word *intended*, so that it now reads,—"Doctor John Gardner's intended last and best bed room." But I understand this alteration does not please the society, or their officious member, and that a second application either has been or is to be made to the Doctor. What it may be in substance, or what its result may prove, I know not; but I have no doubt I shall, and in that case I will not fail to communicate it.

I could mention other circumstances which have come to my knowledge, but I have already I fear been too long an intruder on your patience, and shall therefore defer stating them. I would wish, however, before I quit the subject, to ask, if we may not suspect that the unfortunate affair near Bath, in which Mr. Campbell deprived a fellow creature of existence, originated in the officious meddling of this society.

I conclude by earnestly hoping that every engine, which the press can bring against them, may be made use of; that they may be sensible of their madness, and "hide their diminished heads," without one to pity, but with the whole community to despise them.

I am, respectfully, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Finsbury, Oct. 13, 1808. CASTIGATOR.

THE CONTEMPLATIST.

No. XII.

Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.
YOUNG.

Love refines the thoughts, and heart enlarges. MILTON.

IN my observations upon society, I have been frequently astonished at the erroneous conceptions which mankind form of the simplest operations of their own minds. Misled by some general analogies, they never stop to trace minute distinctions: and pleased, sometimes, to identify the nobler with the baser passions of the heart, they would unwillingly be brought back to reason and to truth.

The general cause indeed of this error may be sought for in the defective judgments of the mass of human nature. They have not power, even had they will, to pursue the train of accurate deduction, to separate what is closely united, to distinguish what is strongly similar. The mistake of such, therefore, is an object rather of pity than censure. But there are others, who err from negligence or from pertinacity; from negligence that will not suffer them to seek for truth, or from pertinacity which makes them resolutely maintain what they have once carelessly asserted.

These thoughts were suggested to my mind, by hearing a very ingenious man lately, in company, persist in the declaration, that there was no difference between love, as existing between two persons of different sexes, and friendship as existing between two of the same sex. The idea appeared to me curious, and not unworthy of illustration, and I shall make it therefore the subject of my present paper.

It may be observed, however, that friendship can be spoken of only in relation to our own sex: hardly ever does it exist in a sincere and solid manner, in the breast of a female; for they are, if not formed by nature, yet certainly modelled and fashioned by education and society to receive and nurture, exclusively, that passion of the human heart which is generally understood by the word *love*. There are perhaps two periods of life, when women may be susceptible of friend-

ship for each other:—in the decline, and in the very spring: in the former, "the hey day of the blood" is over, and it waits upon the judgment: in the latter, it has not commenced, and the vacant heart receives any image rather than remain in unwarmed vacuity. But no sooner does that period arrive when the expanding feelings tend all to one point, when the restless soul looks abroad, and seeks, perhaps in vain, some object where it can fix its resting place; some being who shall stretch his arms to catch the wanderer in her hot pursuit, no sooner does that period arrive, than all that was before given to friendship, is converted into love: the conversation of their own sex becomes cold and insipid; their gaiety is tasteless, their wit is dull: the sun has beamed above the horizon, and all the little stars that before glimmered in the hemisphere look pale and fade away.

I know it may be replied, that in general women *appear* better able to maintain the current of life among themselves than men: that they, in their own idle tattle, draw sufficient draughts of happiness to render life easy, and that among themselves they seem more independent of the other sex than we are of them. But all this is mere illusion. Consider what are the forms of society, and in them will be seen the cause of this *seeming* independence. They are taught from their very cradles to carry on a farce of deception; they are instructed in their infancy how to conceal the emotions of their hearts, and learn a settled conduct by which to regulate themselves. Every impulse of native passion is to be repressed; every wish of unsophisticated feeling is to be crushed; they are to pine in secret anguish, to dress the face in borrowed smiles, or arm their eyes with counterfeited scorn; they learn a language of dissimulation, which is to be used on proper occasions; they are to regard the frank avowal of what they feel, as criminal and indecorous; they must lie, dissemble, prevaricate; they must fly, when they would pursue; and often they must stay when they would gladly fly; even to the last act, even to the altar they carry it on, and there play off the character with which a corrupted custom has shackled them. In the majority of cases they are only puppets, moved with wires, which are held first by their parents, afterwards by the world, and then by their husbands; they learn by rote the language which they are to carry into society, and which is to disguise the quick springing throbs of nature; to their midnight pillows only they can sigh the melancholy truth, and tell that they are human; the morning sun awakes them to the same career, and they put on the mask at their toilettes as regularly as their clothes. Let us not deceive ourselves therefore in supposing, that because they *seem so*, they are *really so*. Nature has ordered it otherwise, and though we may hide her voice from the world, we can never hide it from our hearts; there it will speak, and speak most eloquently too. Woman turns to man as to her support, her friend, and protector: it is beneath his shade that she would take root; there flourish; there fade; there perish. In the morn of life, when she is just setting forth upon her journey, she seeks her companion; those who were before dear to her, are no longer so; they too are employed in the same pursuit. The much desired object found, her beating heart 's at rest; she leans upon his bosom, and glides with him down the rough stream of life. In her breast there is no room for effective friendship; it would draw her from the more important duties of her state; nature providently foresaw this, and ordained that she should fix her whole soul on man and her mutual offspring. In all ages she is born a dependent being; and the consciousness of this, the knowledge of her weakness, impels her to *Love*, that power, by which she is enabled to tyrannise over the tyrant, to make the master the slave. In a bosom so occupied, friendship can be nothing but an empty name. I grant there are instances which may be produced to gainsay this opinion; but these are rare, very rare; they do not overthrow the tenor of my argument, they only demonstrate that in peculiar minds the most discordant principles may accidentally associate. The same predisposing causes which

formed the antithetical character of Wharton may operate in the same manner here; and as it is confessedly an anomalous production, it can have no validity in the light of a refutation.

But in man, friendship has been a stately and a vigorous plant. In his luxurious soil it has blossomed into beauty and strength. The roots have struck deep in his manly bosom, and beneath its spreading branches, not only woman has found her shelter and her rest, but its ample shade has embraced the feelings of the kindred sex. Twined with the parent stem, we have found courage, constancy, and truth; mingled with the budding foliage, kindness, hope, desire; and the goodly whole has shewn so fair a sight, that the eye looks back with wonder and delight to where it flourished once in pride and splendour. Oh! there have been times when friendship was the dearest title that ever bound man to man; there have been times when the sweet intercourse of heart and mind walked hand in hand with every step of life, smoothed the rugged path, rendered the bright more charming, and gave an added lustre to the sun that shone around: when all was tributary to that sacred feeling, and he who called himself a friend, he who boasted that envied character felt a proud sentiment swelling at his heart, which sublimed him into higher virtues than he could attain alone, and identified him with another soul, another body! In the eye of his friend, he read the applause of the world; in his frown he saw the reproaches of his own conscience; they were as a mirror to each other, in which they beheld the slightest spot; to live with him was joy; to live for him was a bliss yet higher; but to die for him was that height of rapture which left the soul no wish unsatisfied: it was the glorious crown that gave him an empire in the hearts of his fellow creatures. Sweet was the struggle of contending souls linked in the bands of heavenly friendship! Sweet the mutual tear that graceful stole down the manly cheek, or dimmed the lustre of the beaming eye, when in the tender conflict they equal urged what both must equally refuse! Yes! I have read of those whom we, with proud insolence, call *barbarians, savages*, of such unmingled energy of soul, of such exalted virtue and firm contempt of all that can affect corporeal sense, that I have wondered to see our nature so exalted! But where shall we look for this noble structure now? Alas! the very ruins are no more. Like a traveller who wanders on the spot where Babylon once stood, he asks where are those walls, those brazen gates, those temples, palaces, and gardens, which formed the wonder of an admiring world? They are gone; they have perished; and where revelry and mirth, where splendour and power, once held their abode, the stagnant waters of the marsh are, and the beast of prey lurks unseen. Whence this amazing change? Has the sterile curse of barrenness been fixed upon the human heart, that so it shall produce no more? Has the Creator said, From thy bosom shall spring no virtue, in thy heart no kindness shall awake? No: man himself has swept away with a destroying sword the plenty, and the luxuriance, and the grandeur which were once there. Gold and luxury, enervating effeminacy, have sapped their foundations and laid them level with the dust! We are no longer what we were, and our *hearts*, which are the peculiar temple of friendship, has been sullied with such baseness, with such degradation and falsehood, that the offended goddess left her dominion among men, and took her flight to heaven. Let us then mourn for her loss, and view the remains of her empire as preserved in the vestiges of antiquity with the same feelings that we would wander over the plains of Marathon, or pause at the loss of Thermopylæ.

I believe, firmly do I believe, that a real, effective, unsophisticated friend is no longer to be found in the ranks of social life. Convenient affection, conditional sincerity, agreeable fidelity, are things frequently, very frequently to be found: what does not interfere with any pleasure; what does not require any temporary humiliation of feeling; what does not demand any active endeavours;—will be done by a thousand men. If they can walk their accustomed road;

preserve their accustomed character; continue their wonted conduct; all will go well. In moments of distress, they will give a feeble assistance while the sun glimmers above the horizon; they will lend their arm to support you from falling, while it does not compel them to bend their own body; but they start back appalled as the shades thicken round you; they plead their delicacy of feeling—their acute sensibilities—they wish you an affectionate farewell!

Is this friendship? Is this that steady devotion which remains unshaken? Is this that divine affection which leaves no craving void in the aching breast? which seems to fill the social wishes of man, and renders him a being almost independent of the world? Is this that sublime connection which glows with equal ardour; which invigorates hope; which asswages disappointment; which strengthens virtue; which heightens the luxury of joy? No: this is mere selfish, partial, worldly acquaintance! Yet this is that connexion to which the word *friendship* is prostituted.—*Stat magna nominis umbra.* Cicero exclaims,—"O preclaram sapientiam! Solem enim e mundo tollere videntur, qui amicitiam e vita tollunt; qua a diis immortalibus nihil melius habemus, nihil jucundius."

The man that is my friend is myself; our affections, our hopes, our fears, are one; our joys, our pains, our successes are mutual. If I am on the bed of sickness, he languishes; if I am unfortunate, he has but one consideration, one desire, and that is how to relieve me. If he cannot do it, he is inconsolable; but ere he allows despair to take possession of him, he tries every honest, every manly, every lawful method, to alleviate my sufferings: no sickly sentiment, no morbid delicacy of feeling, can operate upon him; *they* are the growth of cold, calculating, systematic hearts; *they* spring up in solitary, unwarmed bosoms: he would blush to think that one avenue existed which might lead his friend to happiness, and that he had neglected it; he might shed tears of bitterness and anguish for the evil which he could not remedy; but never would a sigh of remorse escape his lips, never would one compunctious tear wet his cheek, at the remembrance of neglected exertions.—That such a man has existed I know; that he *can* exist I doubt. But that such a man alone can be strictly called a friend I am thoroughly convinced; and, since we retain the appellation, I will add, that in proportion as every man approximates towards such a character, in that proportion does he lay claim to the sacred name of friend.

Let us hear what Cicero says: his authority may have weight where mine would fail:—"Quid dulcius, quam habere, quicum omnia audeas sic loqui ut tecum? Quis esset tantus fructus in prosperis rebus, nisi haberes, qui illis æque, ac tu ipse, gauderet? adversas vero ferre difficile esset sine eo, qui illas gravius etiam, quam tu, ferret. Denique, cæteræ res, quæ expetuntur, opportunæ sunt singulæ rebus fere singulis; divitiæ ut utare; opes, ut colare; honores, ut laudere; voluptates, ut gaudeas; valetudo, ut dolore careas, et muneribus fungare corporis: amicitia res plurimas continet: quoquo te verteris, præsto est: nullo loco excluditur; nunquam intempestiva, nunquam molesta est. Itaque non aqua, non igni, ut aiunt, pluribus locis utimur quam amicitia. Neque ego nunc de vulgari, aut de mediocri (quæ tamen ipsa et delectat et prodest) sed de vera et perfecta loquor; nam et secundas res, splendidiores facit amicitia; et adversas, partiens communicansque, leviores."

But, descending from this exalted sphere, once tenanted by those illustrious characters now extinct, I cannot but think the opinion heteredox even in the common acceptation of the word. Considering this sentiment of friendship in those bosoms where alone it is to be found, and with those limitations which are now imposed upon it, I perceive in the first instance that *love* is a selfish, friendship, a social passion; that love respects and considers only one object, while friendship extends to and embraces many; for it requires no argument to prove that the lover and the mistress see, hear, and know no other object in the world, but that which, in the delirium of passion, fills the heart and absorbs the mind.

A human being once contemplated under the feelings of sexual affection is exalted and enlarged so as to occupy every desire, every thought; the heart is full, and wishing itself is almost lost in satiety. Now, friendship (I use this word in the common acceptation) is a much less insulated passion. It may and does extend to many objects; its duties are indeed sacred, but they have long since been reduced to a very small number, and those of a wonderfully easy nature. No man thinks it necessary in these days either to die with or for his friend; to supply his place in extreme difficulties and dangers, or to exert every human means to extricate him from misfortune. The business of friendship is reduced to a kind of civil interchange of good offices and a moderate profession of friendly feelings. Hence it so easily expands; hence its divisibility, for an office that is replete with indispensible duties and obligations thoroughly occupies the undivided attention of a man; but when they are few in number and easy of performance, he has so much leisure time, that he may reasonably take a few more upon his hands.

Another striking variety between love and friendship is, that the former is attended with a whole train of jealousies. I can indeed conceive that friendship may be so warm, even in these times, as to make us somewhat scrupulous of our rights, and if they are invaded to excite a feeling not very unlike jealousy in our breasts. But there is this difference: jealousy does not consider neglect, coldness, disdain, falsehood, abstractedly, but the converse of these, attention, warmth, respect, and truth, as applied to *another* object. A mistress or a lover being treated thus, merely from the involuntary decay of affection, knowing that it is not to make way for some more favoured object, feels perhaps all the agony of the most afflicting distress; may even lay the sorrow to their heart, and carry it with them to an early grave: but they are not racked with that wasting demon jealousy. It is when they suspect themselves to be supplanted; when they imagine that those smiles, those embraces, those sighs, those kind assurances which they once called their own are destined, or perhaps already given to another;—then it is that the most fell passion which ever tore the heart of man seizes upon them, converts their joys into woes; inspires the most furious revenge, and infects with rancorous ulcers the fibres of the heart!

Such is the picture of jealousy and its proximate cause. But he would be derided as a madman who should seriously tax his friend with being the friend of another, and expostulate with him upon it with acrimonious warmth. Yet, if he find that his friend diminishes in his kindness, in his solicitude, in his ardour, and know or suspect that these are transferred to another to *his* utter exclusion, then he feels a sentiment rise in his breast which partakes strongly of the nature of jealousy in its cause, but differing from it widely in its consequence. For he neither storms, nor raves, nor becomes vindictive; the first effervescence of his feelings subsided, he partly regrets, partly despises, partly pities his alienated friend.

But there is another discrepancy which strikes me very forcibly.—Love is a more aerial passion than friendship. Its pleasures are more extatic; its desires more poignant; its hopes more fervent; it exalts, refines, almost deifies its object. It is accompanied too with a certain generosity, with a certain nobleness of character. Friendship, as it now exists, is a kind of tacit compact between two persons, by which they engage to be absolutely civil to each other, and in cases of extraordinary need to go somewhat further than mere condolence. It is very often a cold and formal intercourse deprived of animation and destitute of strength: not at all to be compared to the vivid, forceful, ardent sensations of love.

Let it be remembered that I have constantly spoken of friendship, not as it ought to be, but as I have found it in the world. I have described it as an easy, agreeable, convenient occupation of the mind, in which the heart rarely has any share. My reasonings are drawn from existing nature, and are therefore most fit to be applied to it. Moral wisdom is va-

luable only in proportion to its relation to real life: the refinements of philosophy and the abstractions of logic are well calculated to sharpen the faculties, and may lead the mind to the discovery of important truths; but as their inferences are not always obvious, as their assumptions are often gratuitous, and as their truth must frequently depend upon future experiment, they cannot often be serviceable in promoting the immediate duties of our state. More effective good has been done to society by the *Ramblers* of Johnson and the *Spectators* of Addison, than by the *Enquiry* of Locke or the *Theory* of Smith. Sound practical morality, without any turgid swell of sentiment, without those refinements which enthusiastic minds are so apt to unite with every thing which they contemplate, is like a wedge of solid gold compared to trinkets and ornaments worked in the same metal: the worth of the one is sterling and immutable; the other draws its importance from fancy, from feeling, from the variable passions of the heart: we treasure the first as a lasting dowry; we sport with the other for our amusement, admire its elegance, are pleased with its workmanship, but at length turn disgusted away and fix our attention upon new toys equally tasteful and equally ingenious.

Convinced of the truth of this, I was led to contemplate friendship in its real, existing colours: I drew the picture first, such as it once was, such as my heart fondly longs to see it again; but then I turned from the pleasing paths of fancy and remembrance to the living world before me. It was there that I drew my character, there I traced the features, there found the colouring, and there the shading: not indeed without emotions of sorrow, and the melancholy which fills the mind upon comparing past virtue with modern degeneracy. But I had imposed upon myself the task of truth and, with unbending integrity, I was bound to follow her steps: if the dazzling lustre of her vest have sometimes bewildered me, and suffered me to wander into paths of error and inconsistency, my head and heart are acquitted of all intentional dereliction. I know too, that in every picture which has man for its basis, exceptions must exist; and when we are unfortunately occupied in tracing the darkest side of his character, it is pleasing to think that there are exceptions. To a candid moralist, it affords a greater pleasure to illustrate the virtues than to expose the vices of his fellow creatures: a chastened mind reposes more willingly upon the amiable parts of the human heart, than upon those which are sullied and deformed: the placid feelings of a guileless bosom, calm prosperity, and domestic bliss, lead us naturally to the first; a morbid melancholy, a mind broken down by sorrow, which has suffered much in the world's confliet, and seen man unavoidably in the foulest scenes of life, as naturally conduct to the latter. Hence the wide difference between the moral delineations of Addison and Johnson; in the page of the former, man is as a lovely garden, blooming with flowers, and variegated with groves; all is sweet and delightful; the sun brightens every thing around; streams murmur through pleasant vallies, and odours wafted from dewy plants fill the air with fragrance: in those of the latter we are presented with a frightful desart; rocks, caverns, quicksands, are scattered all around; the sky is darkened; the heart is appalled; terror hovers over us; the ears are filled with dismal cries; nothing is to be seen but vice, deformity, treachery, and ingratitude: the eye recoils back startled and disgusted; and the mind refuses to recognise the dreadful picture!

W. M.

Literary Queries.

Sir,

Mr. Clio Rickman, and another of your correspondents, have lately adverted to the opinions of Dr. *Conway* Middleton. I should be glad to be informed by those gentlemen, of the titles of the said Doctor's works that I may have recourse to them, not immediately recollecting any other of the name than the famous Dr. *Conyers* Middleton, author of the *Life of Cicero* and of the *Free Inquiry into the Miraculous*

Powers, for which he was expelled the university of Cambridge, by a narrow minded and bigotted faction. The same learned and acute writer, who was so absurdly introduced by Pope into his Dunciad!

In one of your late numbers, another correspondent obliged your numerous readers with a most able, discriminative, and just character of the philosopher D'Alembert. Your correspondent would confer an additional obligation, by informing us whether the character be his own composition, or otherwise, whence he transcribed it: also, in what part of D'Alembert's works is to be found his "mode of living with the great," and whether it has yet appeared in English.

I remain, &c.

Oct. 13, 1808. J. L.

Observations *upon the* "Pastoral Ballad" *of* Shenstone.

Sir,

DR. BLAIR, a critic for whose opinions I feel no very high veneration, for, generally speaking, they are very vapid and common place, has pronounced of Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad*, that it is the most elegant poem in the English language. I suppose he meant the most elegant *pastoral* poem, or else he must apply the term elegant in some exclusive manner: but this distinction is not necessary to my present purpose, which is to offer a few observations upon this ballad, and to endeavour to ascertain both its merits and defects.

The mind of Shenstone was capable of the pleasing, but not of the great. Accordingly, in his elegies, we meet with many stanzas that strike us as natural and pretty, but we do not pause to admire any thing as excellent. He could embellish an ordinary topic, but he could not dignify an exalted one. He had no grasp of thought; but wandered rather upon the surface of thinking: and seems to have written negligently in what concerns language and the structure of his verse. There is a term that exactly characterises Shenstone: he was a *pretty* poet.

Of the "Pastoral Ballad," which I propose to examine in this letter, I shall begin by observing, that the first and fourth parts, on *Absence* and *Disappointment*, are the best; and for the sake of regularity I shall examine each part separately.

It seems to be a general opinion among English pastoral writers, with the sole exception of Pope, that the admission of colloquial and even vulgar expressions, is not only allowable but necessary. Of this necessity, however, I do not see the reason; nor consequently do I perceive the propriety of the practice. In pastoral poetry, if the images, the sentiments, and the mode of illustration be rural, it is enough; and the poet may be allowed to confer more grace of diction than shepherds and shepherdesses will be found to possess. It can be necessary only in provincial pastorals, that the language of the interlocutors should be characteristical. The force of these observations will perhaps be better felt, by the following illustrations from the ballad of Shenstone, in which the lines printed in Italics seem to me undignified and ludicrous:—

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.

* * * * *

And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—*she may not be fond to resign.*

* * * * *

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove—

Surely this line was written for the sake of *love* in the corresponding one.

Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle *they be.*

I think in all these instances a little attention might have produced improvement. The following lines contain a grammatical error, not indeed peculiar to Shenstone, for it may often be found in Pope, and sometimes I think in Dryden:

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so compleat would be sought
By a swain more engaging than *me*.

But I am willing to allow that these defects are compensated by some very pleasing passages. The following lines from the first part were often repeated with praise by Dr. Johnson, and their truth has been felt by every heart that reflects upon past happiness:

I prized every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past and I sigh:
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

Nor will the amatory reader refuse the tribute of his applause to the following. I think indeed the last four lines are an exquisite touch of nature:

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart;
Yet I thought—but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew:
My path I could hardly discern:
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

Of the second part which is intended to delineate the passion of *Hope*, I cannot say much in commendation. The thoughts are not peculiar; nor is the language distinguished by its felicity.

The third part, which is denominated *solicitude*, has but four good lines in it, and they are the following:

With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free:
With her modesty pleases the grave:
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

The rest of the stanzas, about the pipe and dancing of *Paridel*, are common place.

The fourth and last part, which sings the pains of *disappointment*, is perhaps the best of the whole. The first stanza is plaintive and melodious:

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair—and my passion begun:
She smil'd—and I could not but love:
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Nor is the following without merit; and the truth of the last four lines will be confessed by every one that has known what it is to love:

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

The poet afterwards adds, with truth,

Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.

But, it may be observed, that reason can as little guard us against the birth of love, as it can destroy it when born. It is treason to our own feelings to wish to resist its influence; and indeed too often the passion has acquired a rooted growth ere we suspect that the seeds are sown.

If you deem these desultory remarks upon the "Pastoral Ballad" of Shenstone worthy of a place in the Universal Magazine, I shall feel myself gratified by their insertion; and remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Bristol, Oct. 14, 1808. Y. Z.

ORAL UTTERANCE *of the* ROMAN TONGUE.

Sir,

AN intelligent writer has observed, that the flame of controversy frequently burns, but always enlightens; and therefore, although the subject in question is now becoming tedious, I shall consume a few minutes, of which I can at present find no better use, to urge the arguments in my former letter, directed to N. E. as preparatory to a renunciation of the dispute, which only gross, wilful, or malicious ignorance shall tempt me to continue. The attentive or well informed reader can institute a summary of the authorities on either side; and if the remarks on the part of N. E. are but scanty, he appears inclined to supply the deficiency by exacting from them an extra degree of service, and by repeating what has been already answered.

The only point on which there remains any difference, is the enuncia-

tion of *c* and *g*. In the second letter on this belaboured topic, by F. R. it is granted that the Germans vary *c* as the English do; and the practice of the modern Greeks, who approach the soft sound of *ge*, by giving to the gamma an articulation before the vowel *e*,* precisely corresponding to the letter *y*, affords an advantageous probability to the opinion I have maintained.

In regard to the passage of Quinctilian, which this elegant personage delares that I have most egregiously misunderstood and perverted, I would willingly impart comprehension to him, if it be in my power. In the words, *cum sit c litera, quæ ad omnes vocales vim suam perferat,* vim suam applies to *c* with better sense than to *k*. The Roman author has just observed, that *k* is only required before some of the vowels, and partially; but *c*, he adds, is found before every vowel, and therefore may take place of *k*; but because *c* exerts (to grant N. E. his own construction) its power before all the vowels, can it be possibly inferred, that before every vowel its utterance was the same, more especially when the opposite deduction is supported by analogy of reasoning? Concerning the division of the sections, he did not state in his first communication what edition he made use of.

I again affirm that there is the same relation between *t* and *ts*, as between *k* and the soft sound of *c*, and the respective hard and soft sounds of *g*. Yet when I gave the instance of crescentsianus, written for crescentianus, he was unable to discover what it had to do with the question; and seemed unaware of the frequent commutation in the learned languages of *s* and *t*. Since he does not know how one letter can be melted into two, it is necessary to instruct him, that we do not discuss the signs employed to represent sounds, but the sounds themselves.

I noticed a connection between *s* and the aspirate, of which he admits the justice: we shall presently see with what consistency. Besides the example of sylva for ὑλη, the delivery of modern scholars, whom I have heard, unites, in the very word before us, crescen*t*ianus, the sound of *s* and the representative of the aspirate *h*, and continues them in the letters *sh* for the purpose of representing the *t*.

That I may treat N. E. with all possible candour, I shall make bold with the arguments he adduces, in order to support my own side of the question, which he, "good easy man," thinks them "full surely" calculated to impair. And now therefore, to χαῖρε and *cætera*. It seems then, as to *c*, that "there is an additional reason for supposing it hard, because its root is so." But he has already granted me my inference relative to the aspirate, and if my eyes do not fail me, there is one over χαῖρε, and moreover the dipthong *æ* contains an *e*, which must be influenced by this aspirate, and will operate in its turn on the consonant which precedes it. "*It is really astonishing he should have overlooked this, which is so very plain;*" and might I without profaneness associate the words of Shakspeare with those of N. E., I would inform him that he "can only maintain his part in the force of his will."

He next asserts, that the contradiction which I conceive to exist in Horne Tooke, "is not really so, if properly understood;" and that *ch* was formerly pronounced hard. I have no concern with the barbarous ages of English or Roman literature, but with the oral utterance of the languages at polished periods of composition; and if the soft sound now prevails, when the antique mode is discarded, it is but reasonable to conclude, after once grounding the *principle*, which Mr. Tooke unequivocally does, that the case was the same in the Augustan era of Rome. I have professed indifference at the commencement of this letter, and in consequence, and partly because I wish the pages of the Universal Magazine to be occupied with more interesting matter, I shall adjourn, *sine die*, several minutiæ on the subject, with which Aulus Gellius and others might furnish me.

It has been uniformly my intention to repel objections, without again mentioning what may have appeared in preceding letters; but any one disposed to cavil, who may find it con-

* Mitford.

venient to overlook the latter, may easily protract the debate beyond all moderate bounds; within which my own ideas of the interest that it can possibly attract, would finally induce me to decline any further inquiry on the subject.

I remain, &c.

Oct. 16, 1808. S.

GOLDSMITH *and* BOILEAU.

Sir,

I KNOW not that it has been noticed by any biographer of Goldsmith, or by any critic, that the idea of his "Haunch of Venison" was taken from the third satire of Boileau: yet so it is, as may be ascertained by any one who compares the two. The following lines in the French poet will immediately recall to the recollection of your readers the parallel ones in Goldsmith, where he speaks of the company of Johnson and Burke, &c.

Mais hier il m'aborde, et me serrant la main:
Ah! monsieur m'a-t-il dit, je vous attend demain.
N'y manquez pas au moins. G'ai quatorze bouteilles
D'un vin vieux—Boucingo n'en a point de pareilles.
Et je gagerois bien que, chez le commandeur
Villandri priseroit sa seve et sa verdeur.
Moliere avec Tartuffe y doit jouer son role;
Et Lambert qui plus est, m'a donné sa parole.
C'est tout dire, en un mot, et vous le connoisez.
Quoi! Lambert? Oui, Lambert: a demain. C'est assez.
Ce matin donc, seduit par sa vaine promesse
J'y cours, midi sonnant, au sortir de la messe.
A peine étois-je entre, que, ravi de me voir,
Mon homme, en m'embrassant, m'est venu recevoir:
Et montrant a mes yeux une alégresse entiere,
Nous n'avons m'a t-il dit, ni Lambert, ni Moliere
Mais puisque je vous voir, je me tiens trop content,
Vous etes une brave homme: entrez; on vous attend.

Whether your readers will consider the coincidence as accidental or designed I know not; my own opinion inclines to the latter.

I remain, &c.

Oct. 17, 1808. F.

A CRITICAL DISCRIMINATION *between* LOVE *and* GALLANTRY.

SIR,

THE Abbé Girard, in his *Synonimes Francois*, has considered the words love and gallantry as synonimous, or as conveying pretty nearly the same idea. It is certain, indeed, that both of them suppose a difference of sexes, and an inclination of the one for the other: but there is such a marked and striking difference between the two, that I cannot consider them as synonimous.

Gallantry is the offspring of a desire to please, without any fixed attachment which has its source in the heart. *Love* is the state of loving and of being loved.

Gallantry is the practice of certain pleasures, which are sought at intervals, and which is varied according to caprice. In *love*, the continuity of the sentiment augments the delight of it, and often its pleasure is destroyed by pleasure itself.

Gallantry, owing its origin to temperament and complexional causes, does not cease till age has exhausted its source. *Love* at all times breaks its chains by the effort of a powerful reason, by the caprice of a continued anger, and even by absence; then it vanishes, when the fire which fed its flame ceases to be present.

Gallantry is shewn equally to all persons possessing beauty or agreeable manners: it unites us to those who return our feelings, and yet leaves us free towards others. *Love* surrenders up the heart without reserve to one single object, which object totally fills it; and to that degree that we are indifferent to every other beauty in the world.

Gallantry is joined to the idea of conquest, from false honour or from vanity. *Love* consists in a tender, delicate, and respectful sentiment; a sentiment which may be placed in the rank of virtues.

It is not difficult to perceive *gallantry:* in every character it exhibits

only a taste founded upon the senses. *Love* is different according to the different souls it acts upon: it reigns with fury in Medea; while in a soft and gentle nature it awakens a flame innoxious as the incense burning on the altar.

Ovid writes the language of *gallantry*; Tibullus breathes *love*. When Boileau attempted to ridicule Quinault, by calling him soft and tender, he in fact only paid to that interesting poet a praise which he had justly earned: it was not for that he should have attacked Quinault: but he might have reproached him for appearing more *gallant* than tender, more impassioned than amorous, and for confounding these different qualities in his writings.

Love is often the curb of vice, and mostly unites itself with virtue. *Gallantry*, on the contrary, is a vice, for it is a libertinism of the mind, of the imagination, and of the senses: hence, according to Montesquieu, able legislators have always banished the commerce of gallantry, which produces indolence, and is a cause why women corrupt before they are themselves corrupted; which gives value to trifles, degrades what is important, and establishes the influence of ridicule.

It has been supposed, that *gallantry* is the perpetual, the delicate, the light mimickry of love. (Esprit des Loix, B. xxviii. ch. 22.) But perhaps *love* exists only by the help of *gallantry*; and may it not hence be the reason, why *love* ceases to exist between married persons, *gallantry* being first destroyed?

Men truly gallant are become very rare; and they seem to have been succeeded by a sort of shewy beings, who, substituting affectation in all they do, for want of grace, and jargon in all they say, for want of wit, have thus established the *ennui* of silliness instead of the charms of real gallantry.

If these distinctions upon two things essentially different meet your approbation, I shall be glad to see them inserted in your miscellany,

And remain, &c.

London, *Oct.* 11, 1808. Q.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

A HISTORY *of the early Part of the Reign of* JAMES THE SECOND; *with an introductory Chapter. By the Right Hon.* CHARLES JAMES FOX. *To which is added, an Appendix. London.* 1 vol. 4to. 1808.

[*Concluded from p.* 244.]

WE shall now leave the editor for awhile, and turn our consideration to the historian.

The history itself is preceded by an introductory chapter, taking a rapid view of the most important events immediately preceding the reign of James II.; and, though we have not here any novelty of fact, yet we are constantly delighted with the perspicuous manner in which Mr. Fox states those that are known, and with the depth of argument and acuteness of penetration with which he illustrates them.

The maxims of political wisdom which are abundantly scattered through this volume are not among its meanest merits: they are, in a peculiar manner, divested of that excess which too often marked his opinions in Parliament, when in the warmth of debate he probably uttered what his cooler judgment might condemn. These maxims are the offspring of calm and deliberate reflection, and committed to paper with the unbiassed sanction of his reason; and hence they are those of a temperate advocate for constitutional liberty.

"The prosecution of Lord Strafford, or rather the manner in which it was carried on, is less justifiable. He was doubtless a great delinquent, and well deserved the severest punishment; but nothing short of a clearly proved case of self-defence can justify, or even excuse, a departure from the sacred rules of criminal justice. For it can rarely indeed happen, that the mischief to be apprehended from suf-

fering any criminal, however guilty, to escape, can be equal to that resulting from the violation of those rules to which the innocent owe the security of all that is dear to them. If such cases have existed, they must have been in instances where trial has been wholly out of the question, as in that of Cæsar, and other tyrants; but when a man is once in a situation to be tried, and his person in the power of his accusers and his judges, he can no longer be formidable in that degree which alone can justify, (if any thing can,) the violation of the substantial rules of criminal proceedings."

We cannot, however, always assent to the *moral* wisdom of these pages; as, for instance, when he says that "to justify the taking away the life of an individual, upon the principle of self-defence, the danger must not be problematical and remote, but evident and immediate;" for to this it may be replied, that in many cases self-defence would no longer be within our power, if we waited for an unequivocal manifestation of our danger. The promptitude of feeling which is excited by the necessity of self-defence leaves no room for convincing evidence of our peril: and it may safely be asserted, that where an intent is but probably hostile, it is our moral duty to preserve ourselves by the destruction, if no other means are immediately practicable and efficacious, of the person or persons acting thus towards us.

The following tribute to the memory of Washington is a just and manly one; and the character of Cromwell is drawn with vigour and justness:

"From the execution of the King to the death of Cromwell, the government was, with some variation of forms, in substance monarchical and absolute, as a government established by a military force will almost invariably be, especially when the exertions of such a force are continued for any length of time. If to this general rule our own age, and a people whom their origin and near relation to us would almost warrant us to call our own nation, have afforded a splendid and perhaps a solitary exception, we must reflect not only, that a character of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed with any vices, as that of Washington, is hardly to be found in the pages of history, but that even Washington himself might not have been able to act his most glorious of all parts, without the existence of circumstances uncommonly favourable, and almost peculiar to the country which was to be the theatre of it. Virtue like his depends not indeed upon time or place; but although in no country or time would he have degraded himself into a Pisistratus, or a Cæsar, or a Cromwell, he might have shared the fate of Cato, or a De Witt; or, like Ludlow and Sidney, have mourned in exile the lost liberties of his country.

"With the life of the Protector almost immediately ended the government which he had established. The great talents of this extraordinary person had supported, during his life, a system condemned equally by reason and by prejudice; by reason, as wanting freedom; by prejudice, as an usurpation; and it must be confessed to be no mean testimony to his genius, that, notwithstanding the radical defects of such a system, the splendour of his character and exploits render the æra of the Protectorship one of the most brilliant in English history. It is true his conduct in foreign concerns is set off to advantage, by a comparison of it with that of those who preceded, and who followed him. If he made a mistake in espousing the French interest instead of the Spanish, we should recollect, that in examining this question we must divest our minds entirely of all the considerations which the subsequent relative state of those two empires suggest to us, before we can become impartial judges in it; and at any rate, we must allow his reign, in regard to European concerns, to have been most glorious when contrasted with the pusillanimity of James the First, with the levity of Charles the First, and the mercenary meanness of the two last Princes of the house of Stuart. Upon the whole, the character of Cromwell must ever stand high in the list of those, who raised themselves to supreme power by the force of their genius; and among such, even in respect of moral virtue, it would be found to be one of the least excep-

tionable, if it had not been tainted with that most odious and degrading of all human vices, Hypocrisy."

Mr. Fox is no friend to the Stuart race: his detail of the reign of Charles and James tends to exhibit the two brothers in a light at once odious and contemptible: and as he does not seek to mislead by invective unsupported by fact, he carries, not only the feelings, but the judgment of his reader along with him. It is impossible not to admit the truth of the following observations:

"The reign of Charles the Second forms one of the most singular, as well as of the most important periods of history. It is the æra of good laws and bad government. The abolition of the Court of Wards, the repeal of the Writ De Heretico Comburendo, the triennial Parliament Bill, the establishment of the rights of the House of Commons in regard to impeachment, the expiration of the License Act, and above all, the glorious statute of Habeas Corpus, have therefore induced a modern writer of great eminence to fix the year 1679 as the period at which our constitution had arrived at its greatest theoretical perfection; but he owns, in a short note upon the passage alluded to, that the times immediately following were times of great practical oppression. What a field for meditation does this short observation, from such a man, furnish! What reflections does it not suggest to a thinking mind, upon the inefficacy of human laws, and the imperfection of human constitutions! We are called from the contemplation of the progress of our constitution, and our attention fixed with the most minute accuracy to a particular point, when it is said to have risen to its utmost perfection. Here we are then at the best moment of the best constitution that ever human wisdom framed. What follows? A time of oppression and misery, not arising from external or accidental causes, such as war, pestilence, or famine, nor even from any such alteration of the laws as might be supposed to impair this boasted perfection, but from a corrupt and wicked administration, which all the so much admired checks of the constitution were not able to prevent. How vain then, how idle, how presumptuous, is the opinion, that laws can do every thing! and how weak and pernicious the maxim founded upon it, that measures, not men, are to be attended to!"

That the names of Russel and Sidney should call forth the highest strain of Mr. Fox's indignation might be expected: nor indeed can any Englishman, feeling as an Englishman ought to do, reflect without the strongest emotion upon an event so disgraceful to the party that produced it, so triumphant and so honourable to the victims, so important to the cause for which they suffered.

"Thus fell Russel and Sidney, two names that will, it is hoped, be for ever dear to every English heart. When their memory shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation. Their deportment was such as might be expected from men who knew themselves to be suffering, not for their crimes, but for their virtues. In courage they were equal, but the fortitude of Russel, who was connected with the world by private and domestic ties, which Sidney had not, was put to the severer trial; and the story of the last days of this excellent man's life, fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history that more powerfully excites our sympathy, or goes more directly to the heart.

"The very day on which Russel was executed, the University of Oxford passed their famous Decree, condemning formally, as impious and heretical propositions, every principle upon which the constitution of this or any other free country can maintain itself. Nor was this learned body satisfied with stigmatizing such principles as contrary to the Holy Scriptures, to the decrees of Councils, to the writings of the Fathers, to the faith and profession of the primitive church, as destructive of the kingly government, the safety of his Majesty's person, the publick peace, the laws of nature, and bounds of human society; but after enumerating the several obnoxious propositions, among which

was one declaring all civil authority derived from the people; another, asserting a mutual contract, tacit or express, between the King and his subjects; a third, maintaining the lawfulness of changing the succession to the crown; with many others of the like nature, they solemnly decreed all and every of those propositions to be not only false and seditious, but impious, and that the books which contained them were fitted to lead to rebellion, murder of princes, and atheism itself. Such are the absurdities which men are not ashamed to utter in order to cast odious imputations upon their adversaries; and such the manner in which churchmen will abuse, when it suits their policy, the holy name of that religion whose first precept is to love one another, for the purpose of teaching us to hate our neighbours with more than ordinary rancour. If Much ado about Nothing had been published in those days, the town-clerk's declaration, that receiving a thousand ducats for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully, was flat burglary, might be supposed to be a satire upon this decree; yet Shakspeare, well as he knew human nature, not only as to its general course, but in all its eccentrick deviations, could never dream, that, in the persons of Dogberry, Verges, and their followers, he was representing the vice-chancellors and doctors of our learned University."

The character of Charles is drawn with great felicity, and merits to be extracted.

"With respect to the character of this Prince, upon the delineation of which so much pains have been employed, by the various writers who treat of the history of his time, it must be confessed that the facts which have been noticed in the foregoing pages, furnish but too many illustrations of the more unfavourable parts of it. From these we may collect, that his ambition was directed solely against his subjects, while he was completely indifferent concerning the figure which he or they might make in the general affairs of Europe; and that his desire of power was more unmixed with love of glory than that of any other man whom history has recorded; that he was unprincipled, ungrateful, mean, and treacherous, to which may be added, vindictive, and remorseless. For Burnet, in refusing to him the praise of clemency and forgiveness seems to be perfectly justifiable, nor is it conceivable upon what pretence his partizans have taken this ground of panegyrick. I doubt whether a single instance can be produced, of his having spared the life of any one whom motives, either of policy, or of revenge, prompted him to destroy. To alledge that of Monmouth, as it would be an affront to human nature, so would it likewise imply the most severe of all satires against the monarch himself, and we may add too an undeserved one. For in order to consider it as an act of meritorious forbearance on his part, that he did not follow the example of Constantine, and Philip the Second, by imbruing his hands in the blood of his son, we must first suppose him to have been wholly void of every natural affection, which does not appear to have been the case. His declaration, that he would have pardoned Essex, being made when that nobleman was dead, and not followed by any act evincing its sincerity, can surely obtain no credit from men of sense. If he had really had the intention, he ought not to have made such a declaration, unless he accompanied it with some mark of kindness to the relations, or with some act of mercy to the friends, of the deceased. Considering it as a mere piece of hypocrisy, we cannot help looking upon it as one of the most odious passages of his life. This ill-timed boast of his intended mercy, and the brutal taunt with which he accompanied his mitigation, (if so it may be called,) of Russel's sentence, shew his insensibility and hardness to have been such, that in questions where right feelings were concerned, his good sense, and even the good taste for which he has been so much extolled, seemed wholly to desert him.

"On the other hand, it would be want of candour to maintain, that Charles was entirely destitute of good qualities; nor was the propriety of Burnet's comparison between him and Tiberius ever felt, I imagine, by any one but its author. He was gay and affable, and, if incapable of the sentiments belonging to pride of a lau-

dable sort, he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence. The praise of politeness, which the Stoicks are not perhaps wrong in classing among the moral virtues, provided they admit it to be one of the lowest order, has never been denied him, and he had in an eminent degree that facility of temper which, though considered by some moralists as nearly allied to vice, yet, inasmuch as it contributes greatly to the happiness of those around us, is, in itself, not only an engaging, but an estimable quality. His support of the Queen during the heats raised by the Popish plot, ought to be taken rather as a proof that he was not a monster, than to be ascribed to him as a merit; but his steadiness to his brother, though it may and ought, in a great measure, to be accounted for upon selfish principles, had at least a strong resemblance to virtue.

"The best part of the Prince's character seems to have been his kindness towards his mistresses, and his affection for his children, and others nearly connected to him by the ties of blood. His recommendation of the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Mrs. Gwyn, upon his death-bed, to his successor, is much to his honour; and they who censure it, seem, in their zeal to shew themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connection with those ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally, and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality that the good and evil actions, even of bad men, should be confounded. His affection for the Duke of Gloucester, and for the Dutchess of Orleans, seems to have been sincere and cordial. To attribute, as some have doon, his grief for the loss of the first to political considerations, founded upon an intended balance of power between his two brothers, would be an absurd refinement, whatever were his general disposition; but when we reflect upon that carelessness which, especially in his youth, was a conspicuous feature of his character, the absurdity becomes still more striking. And though Burnet more covertly, and Ludlow more openly, insiuuate that his fondness for his sister was of a criminal nature, I never could find that there was any ground whatever for such a suspicion; nor does the little that remains of their epistolary correspondence give it the smallest countenance. Upon the whole, Charles the Second was a bad man, and a bad king: let us not palliate his crimes; but neither let us adopt false or doubtful imputations, for the purpose of making him a monster."

We now pass to the immediate object of this history, and we cannot but strongly regret that it has been left unfinished by its author. Probably too, had he lived to give it, himself, to the world, he would have been induced to render it more perfect by embracing the detail of several events which are now only commented upon; for this would have rendered it complete in itself without a necessary reference to other historians for facts and circumstances. If this omission arose from any conviction in his own mind of its propriety, we decidedly condemn it; but if, as is more probable, it is one of the consequences of its being a posthumous publication, we can only regret it.

There is also another peculiarity in this work which forcibly struck us: we mean the perpetual aggrandizement of the events of this period over all other events recorded by history. It is a favourite expression of Mr. Fox, *that this circumstance, or this event, or this*, &c. *is one of the most criminal*, or *extraordinary*, or *infamous*, that is to be found in history. Now all this is not true, and its introduction only creates a doubt of the writer's memory, or a suspicion of his veracity.

A lasting value will be conferred upon this work, by the refutation which it contains of the errors of Hume: errors in some instances wilful, in others the consequence of insufficient documents. Among these Mr. Fox is most anxious to confute that which supposes it to have been a primary object with James, from his first accession, to establish the Catholic religion in England. The arguments and evidence which he adduces upon this subject are decisive:

and these shew that his first intentions were to be an absolute monarch, to be independent of his parliament and people, and to govern upon arbitrary principles. It was for this purpose that he meanly became, like his brother, a stipendiary of Lewis XIV. the infamous particulars of which business are fully disclosed in the correspondence of Barillon, the French ambassador, which is inserted in the Appendix. His ministers too were all strong tories; men who thought nothing too great to be conceded to the royal prerogative, and whose ideas of regal privileges were, to a remarkable degree, servile and compliant: but they were also high churchmen, and, as was proved in the event, when James really attempted to overthrow the church establishment as fixed by the law, they, with one single exception, deserted him. They were willing to go any lengths in the violation of civil liberty; but their orthodoxy secured them from concurring in the introduction of popery. This is an important light thrown upon the reign of James; and the following will therefore be read with interest:

"The general character of the party at this time appears to have been a high notion of the King's constitutional power, to which was superadded, a kind of religious abhorrence of all resistance to the Monarch, not only in cases where such resistance was directed against the lawful prerogative, but even in opposition to encroachments, which the Monarch might make beyond the extended limits which they assigned to his prerogative. But these tenets, and still more, the principle of conduct naturally resulting from them, were confined to the civil, as contradistinguished from the ecclesiastical, polity of the country. In church matters, they neither acknowledged any very high authority in the crown, nor were they willing to submit to any royal encroachment on that side; and a steady attachment to the church of England, with a proportionable aversion to all dissenters from it, whether Catholick or Protestant, was almost universally prevalent among them. A due consideration of these distinct features in the character of a party so powerful in Charles's and in James's time, and even when it was lowest, (that is, during the reigns of the two first Princes of the House of Brunswick,) by no means inconsiderable, is exceedingly necessary to the right understanding of English History. It affords a clue to many passages otherwise unintelligible. For want of a proper attention to this circumstance, some historians have considered the conduct of the Tories in promoting the Revolution, as an instance of great inconsistency. Some have supposed, contrary to the clearest evidence, that their notions of passive obedience, even in civil matters, were limited, and that their support of the government of Charles and James, was founded upon a belief, that those Princes would never abuse their prerogative for the purpose of introducing arbitrary sway. But this hypothesis is contrary to the evidence both of their declarations and their conduct. Obedience without reserve, an abhorrence of all resistance, as contrary to the tenets of their religion, are the principles which they professed in their addresses, their sermons, and their decrees at Oxford; and surely nothing short of such principles could make men esteem the latter years of Charles the Second, and the opening of the reign of his successor, an era of national happiness, and exemplary government. Yet this is the representation of that period, which is usually made by historians, and other writers of the church party. "Never were fairer promises on one side, nor greater generosity on the other," says Mr. Echard. "The King had as yet, in no instance, invaded the rights of his subjects," says the author of the Caveat against the Whigs. Thus, as long as James contented himself with absolute power in civil matters, and did not make use of his authority against the church, every thing went smooth and easy; nor is it necessary, in order to account for the satisfaction of the parliament and people, to have recourse to any implied compromise, by which the nation was willing to yield its civil liberties as the price of retaining its religious constitution. The truth seems to be, that the King, in asserting his unlimited power, rather fell in with the humour

of the prevailing party, than offered any violence to it. Absolute power in civil matters, under the specious names of monarchy and prerogative, formed a most essential part of the Tory creed; but the order in which Church and King are placed in the favourite device of the party, is not accidental, and is well calculated to shew the genuine principles of such among them as are not corrupted by influence. Accordingly, as the sequel of this reign will abundantly shew, when they found themselves compelled to make an option, they preferred, without any degree of inconsistency, their first idol to their second, and when they could not preserve both Church and King, declared for the former."

The third chapter of this work is wholly devoted to the narrating of the descent of the brave and noble Argyle upon Scotland, and of the Duke of Monmouth upon England. With the calamitous issue of these attempts, every reader, moderately acquainted with English history, is familiar; and instead of following the historian through the details of the different skirmishes, we will rather gratify our readers with an account of the last moments of the unfortunate Argyle and Monmouth, as pourtrayed by the simple and, in this instance, appropriate language of Mr. Fox:

"Argyle, thus deserted, and almost alone, still looked to his own country as the sole remaining hope, and sent off Sir Duncan Campbell, with the two Duncansons, father and son, persons all three, by whom he seemed to have been served with the most exemplary zeal and fidelity, to attempt new levies there. Having done this, and settled such means of correspondence as the state of affairs would permit, he repaired to the house of an old servant, upon whose attachment he had relied for an asylum, but was peremptorily denied entrance. Concealment in this part of the country seemed now impracticable, and he was forced at last to pass the Clyde, accompanied by the brave and faithful Fullarton. Upon coming to a ford of the Inchanon, they were stopped by some militia men. Fullarton used in vain, all the best means which his presence of mind suggested to him, to save his General. He attempted one while by gentle, and then by harsher language, to detain the commander of the party till the Earl, who was habited as a common countryman, and whom he passed for his guide, should have made his escape. At last, when he saw them determined to go after his pretended guide, he offered to surrender himself without a blow, upon condition of their desisting from their pursuit. This agreement was accepted, but not adhered to, and two horsemen were detached to seize Argyle. The Earl, who was also on horseback, grappled with them, till one of them and himself came to the ground. He then presented his pocket pistols, on which the two retired; but soon after five more came up, who fired without effect, and he thought himself like to get rid of them, but they knocked him down with their swords, and seized him. When they knew whom they had taken, they seemed much troubled, but dared not let him go. Fullarton, perceiving that the stipulation on which he had surrendered himself was violated, and determined to defend himself to the last, or at least to wreak, before he fell, his just vengeance upon his perfidious opponents, grasped at the sword of one of them, but in vain; he was overpowered, and made prisoner.

"Argyle was immediately carried to Renfrew, thence to Glasgow, and on the 20th of June was led in triumph into Edinburgh. The order of the council was particular; that he should be led bare-headed, in the midst of Graham's guards, with their matches cocked, his hands tied behind his back, and preceded by the common hangman, in which situation, that he might be the more exposed to the insults and taunts of the vulgar, it was directed that he should be carried to the Castle by a circuitous route. To the equanimity with which he bore these indignities, as indeed to the manly spirit exhibited by him throughout, in these last scenes of his life, ample testimony is borne by all the historians who have treated of them, even those who are the least partial to him. He had frequent opportunities of conversing, and some of writing, during his imprisonment, and it is from such

parts of these conversations and writings as have been preserved to us, that we can best form to ourselves a just notion of his deportment during that trying period; at the same time, a true representation of the temper of his mind, in such circumstances, will serve, in no small degree, to illustrate his general character and disposition.

"We have already seen how he expressed himself with regard to the men, who by taking him, became the immediate cause of his calamity. He seems to feel a sort of gratitude to them, for the sorrow he saw, or fancied he saw in them, when they knew who he was, and immediately suggests an excuse for them, by saying, that they did not dare to follow the impulse of their hearts. Speaking of the supineness of his countrymen, and of the little assistance he had received from them, he declares with his accustomed piety, his resignation to the will of God, which was that Scotland should not be delivered at this time, nor especially by his hand; and then exclaims, with the regret of a patriot, but with no bitterness of disappointment, "But alas! who is there to be delivered! There may," says he, "be bidden ones, but there appears no great party in the country, who desire to be relieved." Justice, in some degree, but still more, that warm affection for his own kindred and vassals, which seems to have formed a marked feature in this nobleman's character, then induces him to make an exception in favour of his poor friends in Argyleshire, in treating for whom, though in what particular way does not appear, he was employing, and with some hope of success, the few remaining hours of his life. In recounting the failure of his expedition, it is impossible for him not to touch upon what he deemed the misconduct of his friends; and this is the subject upon which, of all others, his temper must have been most irritable. A certain description of friends, (the words describing them are omitted,) were all of them, without exception, his greatest enemies, both to betray and destroy him; and ..... and ..... (the names again omitted,) were the greatest cause of his rout, and his being taken, though not designedly he acknowledges, but by ignorance, cowardice, and faction.* This sentence had scarce escaped him, when, notwithstanding the qualifying words with which his candour had acquitted the last-mentioned persons of intentional treachery, it appeared too harsh to his gentle nature, and declaring himself displeased with the hard epithets† he had used, he desires they may be put out of any account that is to be given of these transactions. The manner in which this request is worded, shows, that the paper he was writing was intended for a letter, and as it is supposed, to a Mrs. Smith, who seems to have assisted him with money; but whether or not, this lady was the rich widow of Amsterdam, before alluded to, I have not been able to learn.

"When he is told that he is to be put to the torture, he neither breaks out into any high-sounding bravado, any premature vaunts of the resolution with which he will endure it, nor, on the other hand, into passionate exclamations on the cruelty of his enemies, or unmanly lamentations of his fate. After stating that orders were arrived, that he must be tortured, unless he answers all questions upon oath, he simply adds, that he hopes God will support him; and then leaves off writing, not from any want of spirits to

* "..... friends were our greatest "enemies, all without exception, both to "betray and destroy us; and indeed..... "and ..... were the greatest cause of "our rout, and (of) my being taken; "though not designedly I acknowledge, "yet by ignorance, cowardice, and fac- "tion." E.

† "I am not pleased with myself. I "have such hard epithets of some of my "countrymen, seeing they are Christians; "pray put it out of any account you give; "only I must acknowledge, they were not "governable, and the humour you found "begun, continued." Woodrow, II. 558. After an ineffectual research to discover the original MS. Mr. Fox observes in a letter, "*Cochrane* and *Hume* certainly filled "up the two principal blanks; with re- "spect to the other blank, it is more dif- "ficult, but neither is it very material." Accordingly, the blanks in the text, and in the preceding note, may be filled up thus: "*(Cochrane's)* friends were our greatest "enemies," &c. "and indeed *Hume* and "*Cochrane*, were the greatest cause of our "rout," &c. E.

proceed, but to enjoy the consolation which was yet left him, in the society of his wife, the Countess being just then admitted.

"Religious concerns, in which he seems to have been very serious and sincere, engaged much of his thoughts; but his religion was of that genuine kind, which by representing the performance of our duties to our neighbour, as the most acceptable service to God, strengthens all the charities of social life. While he anticipates, with a hope approaching to certainty, a happy futurity, he does not forget those who have been justly dear to him in this world. He writes, on the day of his execution, to his wife, and to some other relations, for whom he seems to have entertained a sort of parental tenderness, short but the most affectionate letters, wherein he gives them the greatest satisfaction then in his power, by assuring them of his composure and tranquillity of mind, and refers them for further consolations to those sources from which he derived his own. In his letter to Mrs. Smith, written on the same day, he says, "While any thing was a burden to me, your concern was; which is a cross greater than I can express," (alluding probably to the pecuniary loss she had incurred,) "but I have, I thank God, overcome all."* Her name, he adds could not be concealed, and that he knows not what may have been discovered from any paper which may have been taken; otherwise he has named none to their disadvantage. He states that those in whose hands he is, had at first used him hardly, but that God had melted their hearts, and that he was now treated with civility. As an instance of this, he mentions the liberty he had obtained of sending this letter to her; a liberty which he takes as a kindness on their part, and which he had sought that she might not think he had forgotten her.

"Never perhaps did a few sentences present so striking a picture of a mind truly virtuous and honourable. Heroick courage is the least part of his praise, and vanishes as it were from our sight, when we contemplate the sensibility with which he acknowledges the kindness, such as it is, of the very men who are leading him to the scaffold; the generous satisfaction which he feels on reflecting that no confession of his has endangered his associates; and above all, his anxiety, in such moments, to perform all the duties of friendship and gratitude, not only with the most scrupulous exactness, but with the most considerate attention to the feelings as well as to the interests of the person who was the object of them. Indeed, it seems throughout, to have been the peculiar felicity of this man's mind, that every thing was present to it that ought to be so; nothing that ought not. Of his country he could not be unmindful; and it was one among other consequences of his happy temper, that on this subject he did not entertain those gloomy ideas, which the then state of Scotland was but too well fitted to inspire. In a conversation with an intimate friend, he says, that though he does not take upon him to be a prophet, he doubts not but that deliverance will come, and suddenly, of which his failings had rendered him unworthy to be the instrument. In some verses which he composed on the night preceding his execution, and which he intended for his epitaph, he thus expresses this hope still more distinctly:

"On my attempt though Providence did frown,
"His oppressed people God at length shall own;
"Another hand, by more successful speed,
"Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head."

"With respect to the epitaph itself, of which these lines form a part, it is probable that he composed it chiefly with a view to amuse and relieve his mind, fatigued with exertion; and partly, perhaps, in imitation of the famous Marquis of Montrose, who, in similar circumstances, had written some verses which have been much celebrated. The poetical merit of the pieces appears to be nearly equal, and is not in either instance considerable, and they are only in so far valuable, as they may serve to convey to us some image of the minds by which they were produced. He who reads them with this view, will perhaps be of opinion, that the spirit manifested in the two compositions, is rather equal in degree, than like in character; that the

* Woodrow, II. 541, 542.

courage of Montrose was more turbulent, that of Argyle more calm and sedate. If on the one hand it is to be regretted, that we have not more memorials left of passages so interesting, and that even of those which we do possess, a great part is obscured by time; it must be confessed on the other, that we have quite enough to enable us to pronounce, that for constancy and equanimity under the severest trials, few men have equalled, none ever surpassed, the Earl of Argyle.* The most powerful of all tempters, hope, was not held out to him, so that he had not, it is true, in addition to his other hard tasks, that of resisting her seductive influence; but the passions of a different class had the fullest scope for their attacks. These, however, could make no impression on his well-disciplined mind. Anger could not exasperate, fear could not appall him; and if disappointment and indignation at the misbehaviour of his followers, and the supineness of the country, did occasionally, as sure they must, cause uneasy sensations, they had not the power to extort from him one unbecoming, or even querulous expression. Let him be weighed never so scrupulously, and in the nicest scales, he will not be found, in a single instance, wanting in the charity of a Christian, the firmness and benevolence of a patriot, the integrity and fidelity of a man of honour.

"Before he left the Castle he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully with Mr. Charteris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed-chamber, where, it is recorded, that he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him: upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man, who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the Castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, "No, no, that will not help me; I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me——."* The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates, is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt, with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely; and who is there that would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! what an affecting, and forcible testimony to the value of that peace of mind, which innocence alone can confer! We know not who this man was; but when we reflect, that the guilt which agonized him was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or at least of some increase of wealth, which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men, whom the world calls wise in their generation.

"Soon after his short repose Argyle was brought according to order, to the Laigh Council-house, from which place is dated the letter to his wife, and thence to the place of execution. On the scaffold he had some discourse, as well with Mr. Annand, a minister appointed by Government to attend him, as with Mr. Charteris. He desired both of them to pray for him, and prayed himself with much

* Woodrow, II. 541.

fervency and devotion. The speech which he made to the people was such as might be expected from the passages already related. The same mixture of firmness and mildness is conspicuous in every part of it. "We ought not," says he, "to despise our afflictions, nor to faint under them. We must not suffer ourselves to be exasperated against the instruments of our troubles, nor by fraudulent, nor pusillanimous compliances, bring guilt upon ourselves; faint hearts are ordinarily false hearts, choosing sin, rather than suffering." He offers his prayers to God for the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and that an end may be put to their present trials. Having then asked pardon for his own failings, both of God and man, he would have concluded; but being reminded that he had said nothing of the Royal Family, he adds that he refers, in this matter, to what he had said at his trial concerning the Test; that he prayed there never might be wanting one of the Royal Family to support the Protestant Religion; and if any of them had swerved from the true faith, he prayed God to turn their hearts, but at any rate to save his people from their machinations. When he had ended, he turned to the south side of the scaffold, and said, "Gentlemen, I pray you do not misconstruct my behaviour this day: I freely forgive all men their wrongs and injuries done against me, as I desire to be forgiven of God." Mr. Annand repeated these words louder to the people. The Earl then went to the north side of the scaffold, and used the same or the like expressions. Mr. Annand repeated them again, and said, "This nobleman dies a Protestant." The Earl stept forward again, and said, I die not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, prelacy, and all superstition whatsomever."* It would perhaps have been better if these last expressions had never been uttered, as there appears certainly something of violence in them unsuitable to the general tenour of his language; but it must be remembered, first, that the opinion that the Pope is Antichrist was at that time general among almost all the zealous Protestants in these kingdoms; secondly, that Annand, being employed by Government, and probably an Episcopalian, the Earl might apprehend that the declaration of such a minister, might not convey the precise idea, which he, Argyle, affixed to the word Protestant.

"He then embraced his friends, gave some tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grand-children, stript himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body.* Such were the last hours, and such the final close, of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all, whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold!"

While these matters were transacting in Scotland, Monmouth, conformably to his promise to Argyle, set sail from Holland, and landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, on the 11th of June. He was more prosperous in the outset of his career than Argyle: greater numbers flocked to his standard, and he was hence enabled to hold out longer against the king's forces. But after the fatal battle of Sedgemore, on the 5th of July, he no longer hoped for success in an enterprize which he had unwillingly undertaken, and he sought for safety in flight, along with the recreant coward Lord Grey.

"Monmouth with his suite first directed his course towards the Bristol channel, and as is related by Oldmixon, was once inclined, at the suggestion of Dr. Oliver, a faithful and honest adviser, to embark for the coast of Wales, with a view of concealing himself some time in that principality. Lord Grey, who appears to have been, in all instances, his evil genius, dissuaded him from this plan, and the small party having separated, took

* Woodrow, 543, 545.

* Woodrow, 543, 545.

each several ways. Monmouth, Grey, and a gentleman of Brandenburg, went southward, with a view to gain the New Forest in Hampshire, where, by means of Grey's connections in that district, and thorough knowledge of the country, it was hoped they might be in safety, till a vessel could be procured to transport them to the continent. They left their horses, and disguised themselves as peasants; but the pursuit, stimulated as well by party zeal, as by the great pecuniary rewards offered for the capture of Monmouth and Grey, was too vigilant to be eluded. Grey was taken on the 7th in the evening; and the German, who shared the same fate early on the next morning, confessed that he had parted from Monmouth but a few hours since. The neighbouring country was immediately and thoroughly searched, and James had ere night the satisfaction of learning, that his nephew was in his power. The unfortunate Duke was discovered in a ditch, half concealed by fern and nettles. His stock of provision, which consisted of some peas gathered in the fields through which he had fled, was nearly exhausted, and there is reason to think, that he had little, if any other sustenance, since he left Bridgewater on the evening of the 5th. To repose he had been equally a stranger: how his mind must have been harassed, it is needless to discuss. Yet that in such circumstances he appeared dispirited and crest-fallen, is, by the unrelenting malignity of party writers, imputed to him as cowardice, and meanness of spirit. That the failure of his enterprise, together with the bitter reflection, that he had suffered himself to be engaged in it against his own better judgment, joined to the other calamitous circumstances of his situation, had reduced him to a state of despondency is evident; and in this frame of mind, he wrote on the very day of his capture, the following letter to the King:

'Sir,

'Your Majesty may think it the misfortune I now lie under, makes me make this application to you; but I do assure your Majesty, it is the remorse I now have in me of the wrong I have done you in several things, and now in taking up arms against you. For my taking up arms, it was never in my thoughts since the King died. The Prince and Princess of Orange will be witness for me of the assurance I gave them, that I would never stir against you. But my misfortune was such, as to meet with some horrid people, that made me believe things of your Majesty, and gave me so many false arguments, that I was fully led away to believe, that it was a shame and a sin before God, not to do it. But, Sir, I will not trouble your Majesty at present with many things I could say for myself, that I am sure would move your compassion; the chief end of this letter being only to beg of you, that I may have that happiness as to speak to your Majesty; for I have that to say to you, Sir, that I hope may give you a long and happy reign.

'I am sure, Sir, when you hear me, you will be convinced of the zeal I have of your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done. I can say no more to your Majesty now, being this letter must be seen by those that keep me. Therefore, Sir, I shall make an end, in begging of your Majesty to believe so well of me, that I would rather die a thousand deaths, than excuse any thing I have done, if I did not really think myself the most in the wrong that ever a man was; and had not from the bottom of my heart an abhorrence for those that put me upon it, and for the action itself. I hope, Sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me, as he has done mine with abhorrence of what I have done: Wherefore, Sir, I hope I may live to shew you how zealous I shall ever be for your service; and could I but say one word in this letter, you would be convinced of it; but it is of that consequence, that I dare not do it. Therefore, Sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you; for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be,

'Your Majesty's most humble
and dutiful
'MONMOUTH.'"

Upon that expression in this letter, where he speaks of *one word* that would be of such infinite importance, and which has exercised the ingenui-

ty of historians, we neither think that he had any thing to disclose about the Prince of Orange or the Earl of Sunderland, but more probably, as Mr. Fox *hints*, (for he seems rather inclined to think that it alluded to Sunderland) it was an expression thrown out at hazard merely as means to obtain an interview, of which the unhappy prisoner thought he might, in some way or other, make his advantage.

This interview Monmouth obtained: but it did not procure him pardon. The king's "nature did not revolt, his blood did not run cold at the thoughts of beholding the son of a brother whom he had loved, embracing his knees, petitioning, and petitioning in vain for life; of interchanging words and looks with a nephew on whom he was inexorably determined within forty-eight short hours, to inflict an ignominious death."

It cannot be denied, however, that in this view of Monmouth's conduct, we lose all respect for the heroism of his character. He should have disdained to sue for life, and by that one act he would have crowned his career with glory.

The following account of his last moments exhibits a disgusting pertinacity in the churchmen who attended him:

"At ten o'clock on the 15th, Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the Lieutenant of the Tower, to Tower Hill, the place destined for his execution. The two bishops were in the carriage with him, and one of them took that opportunity of informing him, that their controversial altercations were not yet at an end; and that upon the scaffold, he would again be pressed for more explicit and satisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar, which had been put up for the purpose of keeping out the multitude, Monmouth descended from the carriage, and mounted the scaffold, with a firm step, attended by his spiritual assistants. The sheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourse of spectators was innumerable, and if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compassion more affectingly expressed. The tears, sighs, and groans, which the first sight of this heart-rending spectacle produced, were soon succeeded by an universal and awful silence; a respectful attention, and affectionate anxiety, to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the sufferer. The Duke began by saying he should speak little; he came to die, and he should die a Protestant of the church of England. Here he was interrupted by the assistants, and told, that if he was of the church of England, he must acknowledge the doctrine of Non-resistance to be true. In vain did he reply, that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the church in general, it included all: they insisted he should own *that* doctrine particularly with respect to his case, and urged much more concerning their favourite point, upon which, however, they obtained nothing but a repetition in substance of former answers. He was then proceeding to speak of Lady Harriet Wentworth, of his high esteem for her, and of his confirmed opinion that their connection was innocent in the sight of God; when Goslin, the sheriff, asked him, with all the unfeeling bluntness of a vulgar mind, whether he was ever married to her. The Duke refusing to answer, the same magistrate, in the like strain, though changing his subject, said he hoped to have heard of his repentance for the treason and bloodshed which had been committed; to which the prisoner replied with great mildness, that he died very penitent. Here the churchmen again interposed, and renewing their demand of *particular* penitence and *public* acknowledgment upon publick affairs, Monmouth referred them to the following paper which he had signed that morning:

'I declare, that the title of King was forced upon me; and, that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world, I do declare, that the late King told me he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope the King, who is now, will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this fifteenth day of July, 1685.

'MONMOUTH.'

"There was nothing, they said, in that paper about resistance; nor, though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, said to one of them, in a most affecting manner, 'I am to die,—Pray, my Lord,—I refer to my paper,' would these men think it consistent with their duty to desist. They were only a few words they desired on one point. The substance of these applications on one hand, and answers on the other, was repeated, over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed, if the facts were not attested by the signature of the persons principally concerned.* If the Duke, in declaring his sorrow for what had passed, used the word invasion, 'give it the true name,' said they, 'and call it rebellion.' 'What name you please,' replied the mild-tempered Monmouth. He was sure he was going to everlasting happiness, and considered the serenity of his mind in his present circumstances, as a certain earnest of the favour of his Creator. His repentance, he said, must be true, for he had no fear of dying, he should die like a lamb. 'Much may come from natural courage,' was the unfeeling and stupid reply of one of the assistants. Monmouth, with that modesty inseparable from true bravery, denied that he was in general less fearful than other men, maintaining that his present courage was owing to his consciousness that God had forgiven him his past transgressions, of all which generally he repented with all his soul.

"At last the reverend assistants consented to join with him in prayer, but no sooner were they risen from their kneeling posture, than they returned to their charge. Not satisfied with what had passed, they exhorted him to a *true* and *thorough* repentance; would he not pray for the King? and send a dutiful message to his Majesty, to recommend the Dutchess and his children? 'As you please,' was the reply; 'I pray for him and for all men.' He now spoke to the executioner, desiring that he might have no cap over his eyes, and began undressing. One would have thought that, in this last sad ceremony, the poor prisoner might have been unmolested, and that the divines would have been satisfied that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them. They judged differently, and one of them had the fortitude to request the Duke, even in this stage of the business, that he would address himself to the soldiers then present, to tell them he stood a sad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the King. 'I have said I will make no speeches,' repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to; 'I will make no speeches. I come to die.' 'My Lord, ten words will be enough,' said the persevering divine, to which the Duke made no answer; but, turning to the executioner, expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russel. He then felt the axe, which he apprehended was not sharp enough, but being assured that it was of proper sharpness and weight, he laid down his head. In the meantime, many fervent ejaculations were used by the reverend assistants, who, it must be observed, even in these moments of horrour, showed themselves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been disputing; praying God to accept his *imperfect* and *general* repentance.

"The executioner now struck the blow, but so feebly or unskilfully, that Monmouth, being but slightly wounded, lifted up his head, and looked him in the face as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The two following strokes were as ineffectual as the first; and the headsman, in a fit of horrour, declared he could not finish his work. The sheriffs threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more strokes separated the head from the body."

To this account there is subjoined a character of Monmouth, and thus terminates the work; a work of which, as we have incidentally expressed our opinion of its several parts, we need not now offer a general one.

Before, however, we conclude these observations, we shall quote the following passage from the editor's preface:

* Vide Somers's Tracts, I. 435.

"On the rules of writing he had reflected much, and deeply. His own habits naturally led him to compare them with those of publick speaking, and the different, and even opposite principles upon which excellence is to be attained in these two great arts, were no unusual topicks of his conversation. The difference did not, in his judgment, consist so much in language or diction, as in the arrangement of thoughts, the length and construction of sentences, and, if I may borrow a phrase familiar to publick speakers, in the mode of putting an argument. A writer, to preserve his perspicuity, must keep distinct and separate those parts of a discourse, which the orator is enabled, by modulation of voice, and with the aid of action, to bring at once into view, without confounding or perplexing his audience. Frequency of allusion, which in speaking produces the happiest effect, in writing renders the sense obscure, and interrupts the simplicity of the discourse. Even those sudden turns, those unforeseen flashes of wit which, struck out at the moment, dazzle and delight a publick assembly, appear cold and inanimate, when deliberately introduced into a written composition.

"A perusal of the Letter to the Electors of Westminster will shew how scrupulously Mr. Fox attended to these distinctions. That work was written in the heat of a Session of Parliament. It treated professedly of subjects upon which the writer was daily in the habit of speaking, with his usual force of argument and variety of illustration. Notwithstanding these circumstances, no political tract of any note in our language, is in form or style less oratorical, or, with the exception of one passage, more free from those peculiarities, which the practice of publick speaking seems calculated to produce. Such a strict observance of these principles must have cost him great trouble and attention. He was so apprehensive that his writings might retain some traces of that art, in the exercise of which he had employed the greater part of his life, that he frequently rejected passages, which in any other author would not have appeared liable to such an objection. He seems even to have distrusted his own judgment upon this subject; and after having taken the greatest pains, he was never sufficiently satisfied of his own success. If we except the account of the Earl of Argyle, the Introductory Chapter is unquestionably the most correct and finished part of the present publication. He did not, however, conceive it to be entirely exempt from a defect to which he apprehended that his works must be peculiarly exposed. He says to his correspondent, 'I have at last finished my Introduction, which after all is more like a speech than it should be.'

"Simplicity, both in expression and construction, was the quality in style which he most admired, and the beauty he chiefly endeavoured to attain. He was the more scrupulously anxious to preserve this character in his writings, because he thought that the example of some great writers had, in his own time, perverted the taste of the publick, and that their imitators had corrupted the purity of the English language. Though he frequently commended both Hume's and Blackstone's style, and always spoke of Middleton's with admiration, he once assured me, that he would admit no word into his book, for which he had not the authority of Dryden.

"He was scarcely less nice about phrases and expressions. It is indeed possible, that those of his readers, who have formed their taste upon Johnson or Gibbon, or taken their notions of style from the criticism of late years, may discover, in the course of the work, some idioms which are now seldom admitted into the higher classes of composition. To speak without reserve upon a subject in which his judgment, as an author, may be called in question, it appears to me more likely, that such phrases should have been introduced upon system, than that they should have escaped his observation, and crept in through inadvertence. The work is indeed, '*incomplete and unfinished*;' but it is not with reference to any phrases, which may be supposed to be too familiar, or colloquial, that such a description has been given of it. Such was the Author's abhorrence of any thing that savoured of pedantry or affectation, that if he was ever reduced to the al-

ternative of an inflated, or homely expression, I have no doubt but he preferred the latter. This persuasion, in addition to many other considerations, has induced me religiously to preserve, in the publication of this Work, every phrase and word of the Original Manuscript. Those who are disposed to respect his authority, may have the satisfaction of knowing, that there is not one syllable in the following Chapters, which is not the genuine production of Mr. Fox. That there are several passages, (especially in the latter end of the text,) which he might, that there are some which he obviously would, have corrected, is unquestionable; but, with the knowledge of such scrupulous attention to language in an author, to have substituted any word or expression, for that which he had written, would not have been presumption only, but injustice.

"The manuscript book from which this Work has been printed is, for the most part, in the hand writing of Mrs. Fox. It was written out under the inspection of Mr. Fox, and is occasionally corrected by him. His habit was seldom or ever to be alone, when employed in composition. He was accustomed to write on covers of letters, or scraps of paper, sentences which he, in all probability, had turned in his mind, and, in some degree formed in the course of his walks, or during his hours of leisure. These he read over to Mrs. Fox; she wrote them out in a fair hand in the book; and before he destroyed the original paper, he examined and approved of the copy. In the course of thus dictating from his own writing, he often altered the language, and even the construction of the sentence. Though he generally tore the scraps of paper as soon as the passages were entered in the book, several have been preserved; and it is plain, from the erasures and alterations in them, that they had undergone much revision and correction before they were read to his Amanuensis."

If we are to receive this testimony of Lord Holland, with regard to Mr. Fox's ideas of historical style, we must say that we differ totally from him in those ideas, and we are tempted to believe that they were formed as a vindication of his own inability to write eloquently. There is surely no subject which affords a more ample scope for the display of style, or which more frequently demands that display, than the events which history is perpetually called on to record. Simplicity of style is too often confounded with imbecility, and seeking to avoid what is turgid, we become low and colloquial. He who could narrate the patriotic efforts of a Hampden, or the glorious triumph of a Sidney, without catching a glow of enthusiasm from his subject, may be pitied for the apathy of his feelings; but if he do catch that glow, and fail to communicate it to his language, he fails from utter inability: had he the power he could not resist it.

Principles are not unfrequently established by men as palliatives of their own defects: it was thus that Rousseau wrote his ingenious defence of lying to vindicate his own practice. Fox, it appears, composed with great difficulty: we are told by his editor, that he employed many days in writing his letter to the electors of Westminster in 1793, and that the publication of his speech on the late Duke of Bedford (the only instance in which he ever revised what he had delivered in public) occupied a great portion of his time. Lord Holland attributes this to his scrupulous attention to the niceties of language: but, in our opinion, the real cause was a difficulty, not peculiar to him as an orator, of committing his thoughts to paper. If we found a correspondent excellence of language answering to all this labour, the matter would be simple enough: but as it is, it seems more like the difficulty of pure inability.

And what is the consequence of his idea of simplicity of style? That in the work now before us, more errors of language, and even of grammar, may be selected, than perhaps from any other work, of equal importance, in English literature. Some of these we will select for our own vindication: they are brought forward from no invidious motive, and we are taught by Lord Holland to consider them "as introduced upon

system," not as having "crept in through inadvertence."

"Not only justifiable in their principle, but directed to the *properest* objects."—p. 9.

"But did they sufficiently attend to that great *dictum* of Tully," &c.—p. 11.

In one who professes to write a pure English style, this Latinism is an error.

"The short interval between the *deposal* and the death of princes," &c. —p. 14.

This word, which occurs twice in the same page, is not authorized by any English writer.

"Wise men generally *diffide* in their own judgement," &c.—p. 32.

This word is not sanctioned by general use.

"In an early period of the king's difficulties, Sir Wm. Temple, whose life and character *is* a refutation," &c. —p. 41.

A gross error of grammar.

"But he does not take notice that it was never, in fact, tried, *inasmuch* as," &c.—Ib.

A pleonasm, which might easily have been avoided.

"Thus did she cast away the man, the having produced whom is now her *chiefest* glory."—p. 54.

This is a superlative used only by the vulgar and illiterate.

"I should guess that he who desponded."—p. 66

A colloquial and mean expression.

"And that they who, *out of a desire* to read history," &c.—p. 93.

The same.

"Laurie of Blackwood was condemned for having *holden* intercourse," &c.—p. 120.

In the same page, and frequently afterwards, Mr. Fox uses the word *intercommuned* in the sense of proscribed or excommunicated; but we believe there is no authority for such usage: the word itself is not English.

"It may be difficult *at this time of day* to appreciate the value, *seeing that*," &c.—p. 186.

"Let him be weighed *never* so scrupulously," &c.—p. 204.

"The general was deficient neither in courage *or* conduct."—p. 247.

This a grammatical error: the antecedent *neither* requires *nor* in the latter part of the sentence.

"This rash judgement is the more to be *admired at*," &c.—p. 248.

Sed satis superque. If any one can defend the above instances upon the principles of simplicity and purity of language, we are content to be instructed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PROLOGUE *to the New Traditionary Play, entitled,* THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE, *written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq. spoken by Mr. Putnam.*

WITH anxious mind, with agitated breast,
By ev'ry terror forcibly impress'd,
Our bard to-night, exalted in his views,
Resigns the comic for the serious muse;
Beneath her banner variously displays
Passion's mere spark extended to a blaze;
While moral ardor kindles into birth
The firm in honour, and the pure in worth!
Here Virtue hails, contending claims above,
The tear of pity on the cheek of Love!

Our bard no longer treads on Fairy-land,
Where Fancy, like a despot, holds command;
No longer now endeavours to excite
Ideal grief, and fabulous delight;
Still less attempts, with vigour, to transmit
Wit strong as genius, genius bright as wit;
While learning rears, with animated haste,
Reviving elegance, and rescued taste.
He simply offers, unadorned by art,
One touch of Nature on a gen'rous heart.*
Though pageantry, though magic he forsake,
Though "*Sleeping Beauties*" here no longer wake,
Yet shall it still decidedly appear,
That love, when noble, never slumbers here.

Hearts like your own with clemency can feel;
To hearts so gifted now we make appeal;
Each party then shall equal pleasure share,
He that solicits mercy, You that spare.

* This is an allusion to the character of Miesco.

LINES TO MY STUDY.

Written after returning from the Country.

TO thee, dear Study! I return,
From rural scenes, romantic bowers!
Yet though in thee I can't discern
The woodland's dew bespangled flowers;

Still thou canst secretly impart,
Amid the night's religious gloom,
A comfort to my bleeding heart,
And bid the shades of sorrow bloom!

O Fancy! dear delusive sprite!
Endow me with immortal power!
Break thro' the film that mars the sight
Of bland "Orion's arctic tower."

But Oh! my Friend! my Study dear!
How volatile is earthly pleasure;
How tedious every struggling tear,
That flows from Sorrow's endless treasure!

Yet thou my ever faithful guest,
Art pregnant with delight supreme:
Thou hast amus'd me when distrest,
And wrapt me in fantastic dream.

From thee I never crav'd in vain,
Though sad misfortune cloud my brow;
O'erjoy'd, thou listen'dst to my strain,
And bid it more melodious flow.

Then since from thee my pleasure springs,
I'm bound in gratitude to swell
The loudest of the choral strings,
And of thy worth superior tell.

Hence, let Ingratitude essay
To recompence her guardian-friend;
Then may she with the Poet say,
"I've compass'd Nature's noblest end."

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808. J. G.

THE CONVERSE OF SOULS.

NOT to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible!
The spirit is not there
That kindled that dead eye,
That throbb'd in that cold heart,
That in that stiffen'd hand
Has met thy friendly grasp:
The spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh,
That moulders in the grave,
Earth, air, and water, ministering particles,
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved.
The spirit is not there!
Often together have we talk'd of death—
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear:
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the cherubims,
To view the depth of Heaven!
O ——! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I gaze amid the stars
And think that thou art there
Unfetter'd as the thoughts that follow thee;
And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friends we lov'd.

—————— We did not err:—
Sure I have felt thy presence! thou hast given
A birth to holy thought;
Hast kept me from the world, unstain'd and pure.

—————— We did not err:—
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy!
The soul outgrows them not,
We do not cast them off.
Oh! if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend belov'd!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he 'companies thy solitude:
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse:
And though Remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

JUVENIS.

SONNET.

A WEARY wanderer in this "vale of tears,"
How lonely, and how sad, I journey on;
Fled the bright morning of my youthful years,
The days of love, and joy, and hope are gone!
For she that once beguil'd life's thorny way
With tales of purest love, and dalliance sweet,
Has left me here to sigh from day to day,
And mourn her loss. For I no more shall meet,
Along my future road, the heavenly fair:
Cold, cold she sleeps within her earthly bed,
Nor sees her lover wrung with dumb despair,
Nor knows that every joy with her has fled.
Departed Maid! I would the time were come
That I might sleep with thee within the silent tomb!

Manchester, Sept. 1808. W. P.

The Hay-Field.

FAREWEL to the town, and its bustle and noise,
Where Pity must sigh for what Folly enjoys;
I have turned to a scene where all nature is gay,
And roll at my ease on a bed of new hay.

Ambition might envy so soft a repose,
Where Nature her charms in profusion bestows,
Where Health and the Goddess of Pleasure unite,
To pour on our hearts the full flood of delight.

The fragrance that floats on the breath of the wind,
May rival the far boasted perfumes of Ind,
For sad is the gale that is laden with sighs
Of tyrants and slaves, and untasted it dies!

But Ambition must toss on an ocean of down,
Ere the forehead of Care can be robbed of its frown:
Then if grandeur be pain, how much wiser are they,
Who roll at their ease on a bed of new hay!

O what are the charms of the crowded saloon,
Where a thousand lamps blaze in the splendour of noon,
Where beauty and youth, age and folly are crammed,
And are better delighted the more they are jammed.

The windows are opened indeed, but the breath
Of the soul-cooling zephyr is loaded with Death;
And those, who according to fashion attire,
To be in the fashion, must shortly expire.

Farewel to such folly! a meadow be mine,
Where the breezes of health give a pleasure divine;
And oft I'll renew the sweet sports of today,
When, happy and thoughtless, I rolled in the hay.

21st June, 1808. H. F.

PITY.

WHAT is Pity? I ask'd, as she wip'd from her eyes
The tears that she could not conceal;
"'Tis an impulse," she said, "that will often arise
In those who for others can feel."

"'Tis from Sympathy rais'd, and its source is divine,
From which soft Humanity flows;
And such pleasure it gives——but who can define
The pleasure that Pity bestows?"

"'Tis the sweetest sensation that ever we knew,
An emotion that none should repress;
Since Compassion enjoins that we ever should shew
Some pity for those in distress."

"Yon beggar, perhaps, who obtain'd our relief,
Has the blessing of riches enjoy'd;
And perhaps he has often, to soften the grief
Of others, those riches employ'd."

"But whatever his fate in the world may have been,
Or the blessings that he may have known,
Now the picture of Want in his person is seen,
And our pity to him should be shown."

"Even Pity is such, that though it excite
In the breast, for a moment, a pain,
The effusion of sorrow soon turns to delight,
Nor sinks into sorrow again."

True! my Eliza, and when Pity's pourtray'd,
In terms so expressive as thine,
The heart unto whom such a portrait's convey'd,
Must feel such a transport as mine.

Bermondsey Spa, R. M.
Oct. 17, 1808.

Quatorzain.—To the Sun.

WITHHOLD thy beams, thou radiant Orb of day!
For unto woe illsuited is thy power,
I rather choose Diana's paly ray,
And midnight's lonely philosophic hour:
For as the Paragon of worth is fled,
No more th' enticements of existence charm;
Ah! vainly now thou shin'st (for she is *dead!*)
On me; or, striv'st my tortures to disarm!
Dispense thy lustre on some happier swain,
Whom Fortune favors with benignant smile;
Seek such as Sorrow never taught to 'plain,
Or, such as sensual witcheries beguile!
Yes! they adore thy salutary gleams;
But I the mildness of the Moon's wan beams!

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808. J. G.

SONNET

By Mr. FLETCHER.

X.

On two Lovers who were drowned.

O HAPLESS pair! whom Love had bless'd, in vain,
With mutual passion, tenderness, and truth,
In all the bliss of hope, and pride of youth,
Locked in each other's arms, untimely slain!
Could cruel Death no riper conquest gain,
Than thus to mar the rosy hours of joy,
And, with insidious hand, two hearts destroy,
Where Love and Virtue held divided reign?
Yet was the tyrant in his anger mild,
Neither to spare, unpitied to sustain
The other's loss, through years of ling'ring pain,
Blank with despair, or with delirium wild:
Faithful in life, by Love and Death allied,
They clasped each other and embracing died.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. COLEMAN'S, *of the Veterinary College at Pancras, for Improvements in the Construction and Application of a Horse-shoe, which will completely prevent several diseases in Horses feet, particularly the Contraction of the Hoof, and adapted likewise for flat or convex feet, for Cavalry and Hunting Horses, and other purposes, where the loss of a shoe would produce great inconvenience.*

THE patent is described as follows:—"As all cases of contracted feet in horses proceed from the hoof being exposed to artificial and unnatural heat in the stable, or from the frog not receiving its due degree of pressure; and as the frog of the horse when shod can rarely be made parallel with the heels of the shoe, it was deemed very important to invent a shoe applicable to all horses feet, and which would prevent the contraction of the heels, although the frog was not in contact with the ground. And as the nails of the shoes are frequently broken, loosened, or altogether lost, and the shoe thereby prematurely removed from the horse, the horse also lamed, and always unfit for use till shod again: and as the inconveniencies from the loss of a shoe are at all times great, but particularly so in horses used for the cavalry and hunting, a shoe more firmly united than any other hitherto used appeared productive of the best effects in all feet that require much iron and small nails. This shoe can be applied with proper effect by the most ignorant smith, as its simple difference from all other shoes consists merely in the inner and posterior part of both heels of the shoe being turned up, so as to touch the inner and posterior part of both bars, by which means the heels of the hoof cannot contract, or the shoe have the smallest degree of lateral motion. The length of the turn-up of the shoe is not very material, but it should be sufficiently long to embrace the heel of the bar, and yet not to touch the bottom of the cavity between the bar and the frog. A bar-shoe may also be applied with a similar projection to press against the heels of the bars. If the hoof is already contracted, the heels may be mechanically expanded a little by a pair of farrier's tongs every time the horse is shod, and the shoe applied so as to press with more force against the bars; but under these circumstances the hoof should first be made moist by standing two or three hours in water, and the horse not used for a day or two afterwards.

Mr. COBB'S, *of Swithin's-lane, Cannon-street, for an Air Jacket, and proper Shoes for Swimming, to prevent the dreadful effects of Shipwrecks, &c.*

THESE jackets are made of calves, neat, or sheep's leather, or any thing pliable that will hold air, cut in the form of a short jacket without sleeves, with pieces sewed on the outsides and back, bigger than the insides or back, to hang loose and hollow, and to contain a sufficient quantity of air blowed through a bag or receptacle, with a pipe fixed to it to convey the

air into the receptacle, which receptacle is fastened on to one of the loose sides, to convey the air into the loose sides, and back, by means of a communication from one part of the jacket to the other. The jacket is to be buttoned before; button holes round the skirts to be buttoned or fastened to the waistband of the breeches. The upper strap of the receptacle to be buttoned to the upper button of the jacket, and the lowest strap to the nearest lower button it comes to. Then the person wearing it is to hold the pipe in his teeth and blow into the receptacle till the jacket is filled with air, the pipe is to be stopped with a cork, and then to be used for swimming. The shoes are made with pieces of wood cut in the form of a sole of a shoe, and hinges screwed on to the wood with joints, covered with leather, fastened on to common shoes, to open and shut in swimming like a swan's foot.

Mr. HARRIOT'S, *of Wapping, for a new Fire Escape, or Machinery to be used in cases of Fire.*

THE nature and principle of this invention for escaping from a house or building when on fire, is very simple, as appears by drawings annexed to the patent. The internal or chamber fire escape consists in having a fastening made of wood, iron, or other metal, in the nature of a small crane, or in the nature of a hinge, to fix to the bottom, top, or sides of any window, or other opening in any house or building. At the projecting end of this fastening or fire escape, there are two holes, through both of which, a rope is to be reeved or passed. At one end of this rope an eye is to be spliced or tied for the other end to pass through, which then forms a slip noose. The rope is to be long enough not only to reach from the window to the earth when doubled, but to extend several feet more slanting from the building; a small line is likewise to be added, fastened to the noose. This is all the apparatus wanting for the chamber fire escape, though a pulley and block, and other things may be easily added if required, and may be applied or put to use in the following manner:—The chamber fire escape may be made to ship and unship at pleasure, and may be shaped variously, and being secured to the top, bottom, or sides of any window or opening, with the rope passed or reeved through both holes at the projecting end. The plain end of the rope is to be dropped, or thrown down, to any person on the outside, to take hold of, and to lower down the person that is to be rescued.

Persons to be rescued have only to slip the noose over the head and shoulders, so as to draw the noose close just under their arms, and getting out of the window, any other person or persons below, or remaining in the room having hold of the other end of the rope may lower them down in safety; and then if men are to be rescued from the same floor, the noose is to be hauled up again, and the same process to be repeated as often as necessary. The small line fastened to the noose is for the purpose of drawing the suspended person clear away from the side of the building when found needful. When there are several people thus to be saved, those who remain in the room may lower down the others; those first down may lower the rest, and a moderately active person would find no difficulty in lowering down himself, more especially if the small end of the rope be again reeved through another hole or two, provided for the purpose in a sloping bar, contrived for breaking the force of the descent.

The external fire escape or machine, for moving from house to house, is an instrument on the same principle, though it may be variously shaped, made of iron or other metal to be fixed on the end of a pole of a length proportionate to the height of houses in the neighbourhood, so that it shall reach and rest upon, clasp or take hold of any window cill it shall be elevated to. At the upper or projecting end outwards, there are to be two holes with a rope reeved through them, the same as described in the chamber fire escape. One end of the pole is to be fitted and fastened into the socket of the fire escape, by which the machinery may be raised full as readily as a ladder. The lower part of the pole may be divided by a joint, so as to straddle and stand firm; or two poles may be made to slide one

up by the other, until the upper end having the fire escape, can be lodged on its destined situation; or it may be made in other ways to suit particular situations.

The external fire escape is on a different construction, formed on the principle of the idler, or lazy tongs; it is made of bamboo canes or deal, or other wood or metal, in slips of any even lengths, according to the size and elevation intended; five double lengths more or less, or ten pieces of eight feet long each, or any other length are to be bolted in pairs together, one pair to another, until the five pair or other number thus bolted together, lay edge-ways one over the other. There must be two or more sets or rows of these bolted pairs of bamboos, slips of wood or metal. These sets are to be secured together at any required distance, by bolts the length of such distance. To the four corners or upper end, a canvas or netting may be fastened, or a slight platform forming a top, to be raised up to the windows of houses where people are to be rescued, or help is wanted to be sent up to the chambers. The bottom ends of these bamboos, &c. are to be fitted to and rest upon the bottom of a case, fixed on four wheels like a truck to move readily to any place when wanted, until the platform or top is required, to be raised to any window, &c. The whole of these double rows of bamboo, slips of wood, metal, &c. forming one piece of machinery, will lay down close in the case not exceeding two feet in height. When a force is applied to raise the machinery it may be elevated thirty feet, raising the platform or canvas at the same time. The middle joint will procure an elevation of more than thirty feet; a greater or lesser number of lengths, giving a greater or less height. The power to be applied for raising the lower joint or bolts may be various; it may be by the common rack and pinion wheel of the timber jack, or by a lever, or by a common pulley, or by a rope round a roller worked by a tooth and pinion wheel, with a winch handle. In either way, the raising and lowering of the platform canvas or netting top, is performed with the greatest celerity, to save people or goods, and may be applied to various other purposes. Several plates accompany these patents.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Lord Ribbesdale's Oxid of Zinc for Paint.

THE colour of Lord Ribbesdale's oxid of zinc is of a dull white. The mines where it is found are at Mallam Moors, in Craven, Yorkshire, in different parts of upwards of eleven thousand acres belonging to his lordship: where the mineral is found, there were formerly copper mines.

The zinc oxid is found in caverns, one of which is one hundred and four yards in length, another forty-four, and a third eighty-four yards, and about fourteen yards wide. It lies in strata from three to six feet thick, along the bottom of these caverns, at about eight fathoms from the surface of the earth: the whitest and best coloured sort lies in the lowest. Above two thousand tons of it has been sold to make brass with copper at Birmingham and other places, and it continues to be sold for this purpose.

Lord Ribbesdale has used it as a basis for paint during twelve years for his house, paling, and doors, and states that it answers extremely well, never peels off, and that its whiteness improves by age: at first it is of a stone colour, but in time becomes equal to the best white lead, to which it is greatly superior in body and adhesion, in never blistering, and in being perfectly free from the poisonous quality which renders the latter so injurious to all who paint with it. It covers a much larger surface in painting than an equal quantity of white lead, nearly half as much more, and forms a body so hard on the wood, as to resist the edge of an adze. It also strongly cements together boards painted with it; and on palings resists moisture remarkably well, and forms a good basis for other colours.

His lordship had one of his Majesty's ships painted with it about six years ago, and it has been found that no-

thing can exceed the resistance which it makes to the efforts of the sea-water to decompose it. The price put on it by his lordship will not exceed that of white lead, and, except in the finest preparations, will be considerably less. The Society of Arts have voted his lordship a silver medal for his communications respecting this zinc ore, samples of which, and of the paint made with it, are preserved in their repository; but they state at the same time, that it did not appear upon trial by various persons fully to answer the purposes of white lead, as a basis for paint.

The Society of Arts and his lordship seem to be at variance in their accounts of the merits of this ore, as a basis for paint. The word of a noble lord cannot be doubted, and yet it is contradicted. It is to be wished that the society had been more particular in their statement both of the persons who tried it, and of the points in which it was inferior to white lead. If the trials were made either by professed colourmen, or house-painters, their report is at least to be taken with caution, as they have an obvious interest in depreciating the character of this oxyd of zinc.

What his lordship says should at least induce a fair trial of it, for its qualities stated by him are of the most valuable nature. His lordship would do a real service to the public by inducing some house in London to keep it for public sale, which is the most effectual way of having its value known.

The price his lordship puts on it, is, however, much too high, considering the expense of the process for making white lead, and as his lordship finds this ore ready prepared to his hand, it ought to be sold for a fourth of the price of that article; and there can be little doubt that the great sale the reduction of price would occasion, in reality would make the concern more profitable. Its use as a pigment for the bottoms of ships deserves particularly to be attended to, on account of its hardness and durable nature.

M. Morveau, in a very interesting paper on the preparation of colours, published in the Memoirs of the Academy of Dijon, mentions the white prepared from zinc as being the only one which could bear the contact of sulphurated hydrogen, without losing its colour, and prefers it to every other sort. He tried many experiments with it, and different modes of preparing it, but thinks that the simple calcination of it, as it is done for preparing flowers of zinc, produces the finest and whitest colour.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

On the Signals of the Antients. Read by M. Mongez.

M. MONGEZ, passing over what Folard says in his Commentaries on Polybius, and the Abbé Sallier, in one of his Memoirs, refers to the invention of the telegraph; on which France, he says, may justly pride herself. This, he says, has furnished him with means of comparison which former writers did not possess, and which he applies to the explanation of several pasages in ancient authors, relative to signals, as follows:—

The most celebrated of these passages is that in the tragedy of Agamemnon, when Æschylus makes Clytemnestra announce to the old men of Argos, that the Greeks had just captured Troy, and that this intelligence had been communicated to her the preceding night. The chorus, struck with astonishment, asks who had been able to make such speed to announce it. "Vulcan, (replies the queen). His fires blazed on Mount Ida; and to these successively answered those of Lemnos, of Mount Athos, of Mount Macistus, in Eubœ, of Mount Mesapius, in Bœtia, on the banks of the Euripus, of Mount Cithæron, of Mount Ægiplanctus, near Megara, and, lastly of Mount Arachnæus, which lies nearest to Argos. Hence (she adds) this succession of fires, which had begun on Mount Ida, reached the palace of the Atrides;—such is the regulation of the signals, of which the first and the last are the most important. By this means, my husband has transmitted to me, from Troy itself, the news of so happy an event."

Is the above founded on historic facts? This I shall not undertake to prove. But if it be farther asked, whether it is probable? I answer, as it

is founded on geographical positions, it may be submitted to the test of calculation, which I have attempted in the following memoir:—It is true that some men of distinguished erudition have denied the possibility of such a correspondence, by means of beacons; but I have endeavoured to demonstrate it, by reference to the results of experiments with the modern telegraphs. It must be borne in mind, that in treating of the signals used by the ancients, we must draw our conclusions from observations made with the naked eye, because they had neither spectacles nor telescopes, using only tubes for the purpose of insulating the point of view. The distance in a direct line from Mount Ida, to Argos, is 39 myriametres (80 mean leagues of 2,500 toises, or 100 short leagues). The Abbé Sallier, however, in his remarks on this passage, in 1736, says, "it would not exceed 150 of our Paris leagues." This is a half more than the distance which I have just given, according to the maps of our colleague, M. Barbier Dubocage; and hence we may form a judgment of the state of geographical knowledge, even relative to the seas and countries of Europe, before the improvements introduced by the illustrious Danville.

I have endeavoured to prove the possibility of what is said by Clytemnestra, by submitting to calculation a fact of the same kind, the most remarkable recorded by ancient writers; and where the distance is much greater than the most considerable between any of the beacons established by Agamemnon. Valerius Maximus, (lib. 1. cap. 48) says, "With what astonishment do we hear of a man's having so piercing a sight as to be able to distinguish from Lilybræum (in Sicily) the fleets that were coming out of Carthage (on the coast of Africa.") This has not only an air of the marvellous, but appears absolutely false. It is, however, only an exaggeration; as a passage of Polyænus (*Stratag.* lib. vi. cap. 16. No. 2) will assist us in explaining it. That writer informs us that the Carthaginians, when carrying on a war in Sicily, employed the following means for the purpose of obtaining expeditiously from Africa, such succours or supplies as they might be in want of. They took two clepoydræ of exactly the same size, and, having drawn upon each of them several circles, at equal distances, inscribed in each circle such short sentences as the following:—We are in want of transports, of money, of warlike instruments, of corn, and the like. One of the clepoydræ was kept in Sicily, and the other sent to Carthage; with instructions, the instant they should see a signal by fire in Sicily, to let the clepoydræ run till they saw a second signal; when they should mark the circle to which the water had sunk, and send without delay, the articles inscribed in that circle. The purport of their signals would, no doubt, be carefully concealed: but a Sicilian observing that the arrival of each convoy regularly followed the appearance of the signal, might easily conclude that the signal caused the fleet to be dispatched. He might, then, at the sight of each signal, foretel that a convoy would soon arrive. But in order to give to his prediction an air of the marvellous, he might say, "I see a fleet coming out of the port of Carthage."

Those beacons were fired on the promontory of Lilybœum, at present Marsella. They must have been observed, not at Carthage, (for that city did not stand on an eminence) but at the nearest promontory, that of Hermœum, at present called Cape Bon, which is distant from Lilybœum 15 myriametres, 1051 (31 mean leagues, or of 2,500 toises, such as were always used by Danville). A simple trigonometrical calculation has given me the height which these promontories must have had, to enable a person stationed at one of them to see, notwithstanding the spherical shape of the earth, fire on the other. This height is 672 metres, 42 (345 toises) a little more than double the height of the tower of Nôtre Dame, four times the height of the large pyramid, or three times that of Mount Valerian. Not a mountain, then, but only a hill, was required for displaying the signals at Lilybœum; if we follow the usual distinction of giving the name of *mountain* only to heights exceeding 1,000 metres, or 513 toises.

Another question may here arise,

whether it were possible to see so far with the naked eye? At Lyons, they distinctly see without glasses Mont Blanc, distant from that city about 18 myriametres, 029 (37 leagues); and from Nice one may discover with the naked eye the mountains of Corsica, which are distant 28 myriametres, (about 57 leagues). The first of these distances exceeds a fifth, and the second is almost double, the interval between Marsella and Cape Bon.

There cannot, therefore, any doubt remain respecting the fact given by Polyænus.

By applying the same calculations to the signals of Agamemnon, I have proved the possibility of them with respect to the distances between the different stations; for the greatest of them is half a myriametre (a league) less than that from Marsella to Cape Bon. But are the stations of Agamemnon's beacons likewise sufficiently high to render the signals visible? I have proved this by reference to their heights, as taken from the computations of navigators. That of Mount Athos is the only one I have not obtained in a direct manner. It is not inserted in any geographical work; we find, indeed, a note engraved on Arrowsmith's map of the environs of Constantinople, that it is equal to 353 feet; but it does not say, whether this be the result of the trigonometrical operations, or merely an estimate. I have endeavoured to obtain the height of Mount Athos, from a passage of Pliny, (lib. iv. cap. 12. sect. 23.) where that natural historian informs us, that at the solstice, Mount Athos projects its shade on the market place of Myrrhina, in the island of Lemnos. I have supposed that at the summer solstice, (when, according to the position of the two places, the shadow of the mountain would extend towards Lemnos,) the sun, near the time of setting had a sexagesimal degree of altitude, without a refraction. The resolution of a rectangular triangle, the mean side of which is the chord of the terrestrial arc, which separates Mount Athos from Myrrhina, and the small side the height of the mountain, gives for the latter 1,300 metres, 4 (698 toises, 2) which is more than the height of Vesuvius, but less than that of Puy-de-Dôme.

It remains to be proved, that one night was sufficient for transmitting intelligence by means of these signals from Troy to Argos. The philologists who before me have commented on this passage, had no facts to adduce in elucidation of this question; but the results of experiments made with the telegraph, have enabled me to throw more light on it. In the month of August, 1794, the city of Condé was retaken by the French, at seven o'clock in the morning. The telegraph of Lille, which is distant from Condé 4,39 myriametres (nine leagues) transmitted the news of the capture to Paris, where it arrived between nine and ten o'clock. The telegraph of Paris immediately transmitted to that of Lille the decree of the National Assembly, declaring that the army had deserved well of their country; and by the same means the assembly received on the same day, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, the address of the army, expressive of their thanks for the honour conferred on them Thus, in the space of fourteen hours, intelligence was conveyed through a space of 59 myriametres, (or 123 leagues) *i. e.* a third more than the length of the line of beacons established by Agamemnon.—[*To be continued.*]

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

FROM the Oxford press, Dr. White has just published the second volume of his "Novum Testamentum Græcum," with the various readings, which in Griesbach's judgment are to be preferred, or to be considered equal to the received text. A second volume of the Egyptiaca will not be published by Dr. White, as intended; but the learned Professor Antony Sylvester De Saci, of Paris, will give a French translation, accompanied with the Arabic original, and notes of that work, which was to have composed Dr. White's second volume. Professor White is also preparing for the

press, "Sylloge Crisewa Griesbach." Two gentlemen of the university of Oxford are now employed in collating the transcripts of manuscripts brought by Dr. Holmes into this country. One volume of "*Wyttenbachi Animadversiones in Plutarchi Morales*," which will nearly equal the original in bulk, is in great forwardness, as are also republications of Aristotle's Ethics and Xenophon's Anabasis.

There are several learned works, classical, etymological, and mathematical, now in the Cambridge press, some in great forwardness: the following will be published early in the winter,—A descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental Library of the late Tippoo Sultan of Mysore, with an Appendix, containing specimens of the most interesting works, by Major Stewart, Persian Professor at the East India College, Herts. The Chorusses of Eschylus's Plays, intended to be explanatory of the Greek Metres, by Dr. Charles Burney; and an Etymological work, by the Rev. W. Whiter, late Fellow of Clare Hall. The University has purchased of the son of Hoogeven, which is printed, tho' not published, "Hoogeven Opus Posthumum, exhibens Dictionarium Analogicum, Lingua Græcæ cum Auctoris Vita ab ipso conscripta." To which is subjoined Phillippi Cattieri Gazophyacium Grecorum, seu Methodus Admirabilis ad insignem brevi comparandam Verborum Copiam cum Auctoris. Frid. Ludov. Abresch. Hoogeven is author of the celebrated work "Doctrina Particularum Linguæ Græcæ."

Mrs. Cappe, of York, is preparing for publication a Complete History of the Life of Christ, as related by the four Evangelists, interweaving in one continued narrative their several accounts of the miracles performed in proof of his mission, of his prophetic warnings, awful admonitions, moral precepts, and various controversies with the Jewish rulers, &c. The whole is illustrated by a series of notes, explanatory of eastern phraseology, of ancient customs, manners, opinions, and prejudices; formerly transcribed by her from the short hand papers of her late husband, the Rev. N. Cappe.

A Life of St. Neot, the elder brother of Alfred the Great, by the Rev. John Whitaker, B. D. is in the press.

Dr. Mavor intends to publish a new edition, with Georgical Notes, of Tusser's Five Hundred Points of good Husbandry, a work now become extremely scarce, and which furnishes many excellent precepts in agriculture, in verse. The quaintness of the Elizabethan age, mixed with much good sense and good humour, renders this work equally useful and entertaining.

Dr. Clarke, late of Jesus College, who wrote the account of the Colossal Statue of Ceres, has in the press a Description of the other Mammora which he brought into this country, together with his travels.

The Life of Mr. John Bunyan, containing his "Grace Abounding to the chief of Sinners," an account of his imprisonment, conversation before the justices, &c. first published from his own manuscript in 1765; and Remarks on his character and writings, with a fine portrait, by Joseph Irving, will shortly appear.

The History of Baptism, or an appeal to the scriptures and history for information on that subject, in dialogues between a Baptist and Pædobaptist, with a frontispiece, representing the baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch, by the same author, is in the press.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The Great Room, No. 22, Piccadilly, is opened as a Gallery of the Arts, where paintings, drawings, and curiosities, are admitted for exhibition and sale, under the direction of gentlemen eminent for judgment and taste. Between twenty and thirty pictures have this year been sent by various distinguished cognoscenti and collectors, and nearly twice as many students, male and female, are employed in copying or making studies for them.

The following simple method of preventing the destruction of flax by caterpillars is found to be very successful. It consists in making persons walk twice a day along the furrows, with a rope fastened to two poles, so as to drag this rope over the plants and sweep the insects away. Three or four days operation in this manner is enough for a season.

The Rev. Mr. Leg, of Ashprington,

Devon, has invented a machine for discharging the superfluous water from ponds, tanks, and reservoirs, in times of floods. It consists of a beam of wood suspended by an iron pin over the head of the water, so as to form a sort of lever or balance, having one end affixed to a chain, which raises a plug to let out the superfluous water. At the other end there is a box or bucket suspended, made rather leaky, into which the water is conveyed by a pipe whenever it raises to a certain level. While the bucket continues filled with water, the weight will raise the plug; and when the water no longer keeps the bucket full, the plug will return to its place, by the lever recovering its level position.

The sun flower, it has been suggested, will produce an oil useful for our clothiers; this oil, extracted from the seed of the sun flower, it is thought, might be employed equally as advantageously as that oil at present imported from the Levant, under the name of Florence oil, which, when it becomes rancid, is now sold to the clothiers for the purpose of softening their wool, when preparing for the loom.

Major Spencer Cochrane, of Muirfield House, near Haddington, has published an instance of cows, being cured of violent swellings through eating wet clover, by being made to swallow an egg-shell full of tar; it has the effect of laying the swelling in a few minutes.

The same gentleman after losing four horses by the bats or gripes, has cured others by giving them a table spoonful of tincture of opium, or liquid laudanum, during the fit. If the horse is hot and feverish in this disorder, an ounce or more of nitre is mixed with the laudanum. A smaller portion of the laudanum was also found to remedy the swelling of a sheep after it had been washed with the rest of the flock.

East Indies.

The Rev. Dr. Buchanan, now on his return to Europe, has lately visited Goa, to enquire into the state of the Inquisition there. This tribunal formerly so notorious for its sanguinary proceedings, instead of declining in power, as has been supposed, is still in operation, and it is said exercises its authority under circumstances which demand the immediate interference of the British government. This inquisition extends its controul in a greater or less degree to the extreme boundary of Hindostan, and materially affects the honour and character of the British government and the christian faith, which this government professes. Goa is properly a city of churches, containing in its province a republic of priests. In the Archiepiscopal province of Goa, there are nearly three thousand priests occupying upwards of two hundred and fifty churches and chapels. The power of this hierarchy is silently increasing under the tranquil government of the English, whose apathy suffers it. Dr. Buchanan has addressed a letter, written on the spot, to the Archbishop of Goa, urging him to refrain from usurping any longer a spiritual power in the British states; and requesting him to exert his authority in reforming the abuses in the colleges of Goa, by causing the priests to study the Holy Scriptures, and to cease from mixing the pure faith with Indian superstitions, and consequently from ceasing to preach corrupt christianity to the subjects of the British government.

Germany.

Colonel Massenbach, late Lieut.-General in the Prussian army, under Prince Hohenloe, who, for twenty years, enjoyed the confidence of three successive Kings of Prussia and the late Duke of Brunswick, under whom the colonel was also employed in a diplomatic character, has announced the publication of the following works, viz. Memoirs of his own Life; Materials for the History of Prussia between the years 1794 and 1807; and Memoirs of Great Men, containing Eulogies upon Frederic II. and his brother Henry.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

PROFESSOR PORSON.

THIS gentleman was one of the greatest scholars in Europe, and in the knowledge of the Greek language he was unrivalled. He was social and engaging in private life; the pride of the scholar was not in the least observable in his general intercourse with society. Every friend to literature in this country will be solicitous to have the deficient accounts of the death of this eminent person supplied:—

On the evening of the 19th of Sept. as Mr. Porson was walking in the Strand, apparently in perfect health, he was seized with a paroxysm of the epileptic kind, to which he had been subject at a much earlier period of his life. Not being known to the persons who witnessed his situation, he was conveyed to St. Martin's workhouse, where he continued in a state of total insensibility until about six o'clock on the following morning. He was not then sufficiently collected to give an account of the place of his residence; and it was by mere accident that one of the attendants at the London Institution saw a description of a person found in the Strand in the situation stated, and supposing it to be Mr. Porson, he repaired thither, and brought him to the house in the Old Jewry, where he arrived a little before ten on Tuesday morning.

Having called for breakfast, he took his cup of tea in the room of the library distinguished as the Globe Room, and entered into conversation with some of the gentlemen of the establishment, remarking, that the keeper of the workhouse was a wag, and endeavoured to oppose him with his wit. They observed much incoherence both in his manner and matter, and fearing that he was labouring under some fatal disorder, they thought it right to recommend to him to prepare his will. He at first seemed reluctant, but afterwards assented to the propriety of it, and entered into some general conversation on the moral obligation of disposing of our property after death; adding, that the subject had often been treated in a legal way, but scarcely ever in the manner he wished, excepting in a work entitled Symboliography, and he afterwards left the room and brought one of his catalogues, into which the book was introduced.

He remained in conversation, in this way, during five hours, sometimes in the full exercise of his faculties, at other wild and wandering; when, at three o'clock, he went to Cole's chop-house, near the Royal Exchange, where he frequently dined. After talking to a friend there, he suddenly left the place, proceeded to Cornhill, where, looking up at the vane and clock of the Exchange, which had been under repair, a number of persons assembled round him surprised at his fixed attention, the motive of which he did not explain. The porter of the London Institution happening to observe him in this situation, conducted him back to Cole's, where on taking two glasses of wine, the paroxysm and insensibility returned; and he was carried home in a coach to the Old Jewry, and remained in a condition of torpor, with very short intermissions, until Sunday, when he died.

Perhaps no man, not even Rousseau, had more contempt for the practice of physic than Mr. Porson, and yet no one had a more numerous and intimate acquaintance with gentlemen of the medical profession. He was, during his illness, visited by many medical gentlemen, among not the least attentive were Dr. Babington and Mr. Norris. After his death, both his head and body were opened by medical men, and they have given a report, ascribing his death "to the effused lymph in and upon the brain, which they believe to have been the effect of recent inflammation. The heart was sound, and the pericardium contained the usual quantity of lymph. The left lung had adhesions to the pleura, and bore the marks of former inflammation. The right lung was in a perfectly sound state." This is signed by Dr. Babington, Sir William Blizard, Mr. Norris, Mr. Blizard, and Mr. Upton. In refutation of an idle falsehood about the form of his skull, they

add, "that it was thinner than usual and of hard consistence."

The following is the manner in which the death of the Professor is announced in the place where he was best known. It is extracted from *The Cambridge Chronicle*, of Saturday, the 1st of October:—

"Died, on Sunday, September 25th, at his apartments in the Old Jewry, Richard Porson, M.A. of Trinity College, and Greek Professor. To the departed names of Bentley, Dawes, and Markland, whose classical acquirements so eminently maintained the reputation of this university, we must now add, with heartfelt regret, the name of this admirable scholar. In variety of information, in depth of learning, he fully equalled his great master Bentley; while in critical acumen he far outstripped him. In the happiness and sagacity of his conjectural emendations the Professor had no equal. His letters to Archdeacon Travis display the keenness and accuracy of his researches; and were considered by an able judge as the first critical productions since the memorable controversy concerning the Epistle of Phalaris. Considering his great acquirements, it may perhaps be said that he has not left much by which posterity may judge him; but what was said of Coles is equally true of the Professor: "Pauca quidem—sed egregia, sed admiranda!" Every lover of Grecian literature, every real scholar, will appreciate the labours of Porson, not by their number, but by their magnitude. In the few plays of Euripides, which he edited, they will feel and acknowledge the unshaken excellencies of the canons he has introduced. They will perceive what is necessary to the formation of a true and genuine critic; and they will unite in deploring, that a better portion of health was not allotted to one, from whom alone they could expect a solution of every difficulty in the progress of their classical researches."

His library of classical books is supposed to be worth several thousand pounds.

Mr. Porson, it is to be observed, had for the last eleven years been the incessant victim of spasmodic asthma, during the agony of which he never went to bed, and in which he was forced to abstain from all sustenance. This greatly debilitated his body.

Mr. Professor Porson was born at East Ruston, in Norfolk, on Christmas day, 1759; so that he was only in his 49th year. His father, Mr Huggin Porson, was parish-clerk of East Ruston, and though in humble life, and without the advantages himself of early education, laid the basis of his son's unparalleled acquirements. From the earliest dawn of intellect, Mr. Porson began the task of fixing the attention of his children, three sons and a daughter, and he had taught Richard, his eldest son, all the common rules of arithmetic, without the use of a book or slate, pen or pencil, up to the cube root, before he was nine years of age. The memory was thus incessantly exercised; and by this early habit of working a question in arithmetic by the mind only, he acquired such a talent of close and intense thinking, and such a power of arranging every operation that occupied his thought, as in process of time to render the most difficult problems, which to other men required the assistance of written figures, easy to the retentive faculties of his memory. He was initiated in letters by a process equally efficacious. His father taught him to read and write at one and the same time. He drew the form of the letter either with chalk on a board, or with the finger in sand; and Richard was made at once to understand and imitate the impressions. As soon as he could speak he could trace the letters; and this exercise delighting his fancy, an ardour of imitating whatever was put before him was excited to such a degree, that the walls of the house were covered with characters which attracted notice, from their neatness and fidelity of delineation.

At nine years of age, he and his youngest brother, Thomas, were sent to the village school, kept by a Mr. Summers, a plain but most intelligent and worthy man, who having had the misfortune in infancy to cripple his left hand, was educated for the purpose of teaching, and he discharged his duties with the most exemplary attention. He professed nothing beyond English, writing and arithmetic—but he was a good accountant and an excellent writing master. He perfected the

Professor in that delightful talent of writing, in which he so peculiarly excelled; but which we are doubtful whether it was to be considered as an advantage or a detriment to him in his progress through life It certainly had a considerable influence on his habits, and made him devote many precious moments to copying which might have been better employed in composition. It has been the means, however, of enriching his library with annotations, in a text the most beautiful, and with such perfect imitation of the original manuscript or printing, as to embellish every work which his erudition enabled him to elucidate. He continued under Mr. Summers for three years; and every evening during that time he had to repeat by heart to his father the lessons and the tasks of the day; and this not in a loose or desultory manner, but in the rigorous order in which whatever he had been occupied about had been done; and thus again the process of recollection was cherished and strengthened, so as to become a quality of his mind. It was impossible that such a youth should remain unnoticed, even in a place so thinly peopled, and so obscure as the parish of East Ruston. The Rev. Mr. Hewitt heard of his extraordinary propensities to study, his gift of attention to whatever was taught him, and the wonderful fidelity with which he retained whatever he had acquired. He took him and his brother Thomas under his care, and instructed them in the classics. The progress of both was great, but that of Richard was most extraordinary. It became the topic of astonishment beyond the district, and when he had reached his fourteenth year, had engaged the notice of all the gentlemen in the vicinity.

Among others, he was mentioned as a prodigy to an opulent and liberal man, the late Mr. Norris, who, after having put the youth under an examination of the severest kind, and from which an ordinary boy would have shrunk dismayed, he was sent to Eton. This happened in the month of August 1774, when he was in his fifteenth year: and in that great seminary, he almost, from the commencement of his career, displayed such a superiority of intellect; such facility of acquirement; such quickness of perception, and such a talent of bringing forward to his purpose all that he had ever read, that the upper boys took him into their society, and promoted the cultivation of his mind by their lessons, as well, probably, as by imposing upon him the performance of their own exercises. He was courted by them as the never-failing resource in every difficulty; and in all the playful excursions of the imagination, in their frolics, as well as in their serious tasks, Porson was the constant adviser and support. He used to dwell on this lively part of his youth with peculiar complacency, and we have heard him repeat a drama which he wrote for exhibition in their long chamber, and other compositions, both of seriousness and drollery, with a zest that the recollection of his enjoyment at the time never failed to revive in him. We fear, however, that at this early age his constitution received a shock, which was soon after aggravated by the death of his worthy patron. An imposthume formed on his lungs, and he was threatened by a consumption; but it fortunately broke, and he recovered his health, though his frame was weakened.

The death of Mr. Norris was the source of severe mortification to him; for though by the kindness of some eminent and liberal persons he was continued at Eton, he felt the loss he had sustained in the most poignant degree. He was entered of Trinity College towards the end of 1777, and his character having gone before him to the university, he was from the first regarded as a youth whose extraordinary endowments would keep up and extend the reputation of the unrivalled society into which he had entered. Nor did he disappoint the hopes that had been formed of him. In every branch of study to which he applied himself, his course was so rapid as to astonish every competent observer. Previously prepared by his excellent father for the study of the mathematics, he made a very considerable progress in them; and during his life, he retained so great an affection for them, that he was in the habit of solving the most difficult problems in both algebra and arithmetic. But his pre-eminence was undisputed in

classical literature, and his reputation in this branch of knowledge was a bar to the fame which he would justly have acquired in sciences. At the public examination for degrees, he was only the third in the second class of honours; and the first classical medal was soon after awarded to him, the other candidates allowing his merit to be unrivalled. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College in 1781. In 1785 he took his degree of Master of Arts: but long before the period had elapsed, when he must either enter into holy orders or surrender his Fellowship, he had (after the most grave and deliberate investigation) made up his mind not to go into orders. We are sure that his determination cost him many painful and laborious days and months of study. His heart and mind were deeply penetrated by the purest sentiments of religion; and it was a memorable and most estimable feature of his character, that in no moment the most unguarded, was he ever known to utter a single expression of derision at those who thought differently from himself. He was truly and actively pious—but it was of an order that admitted not of shackles. So early as 1788, he had made up his mind to surrender his Fellowship, though with an enfeebled constitution he had nothing to depend upon but acquirements that are very unprofitable to their owner. A Lay fellowship might have secured his services to the cause of letters; but the master of the college chose to gratify a noble peer rather than a poor scholar. In 1791 his Fellowship ceased, and he was thrown upon the world without a profession, his feelings wounded by the mortifications he had suffered, and with a constitution little qualified to encounter the bustle of the world. Some friends, however, stept in, and secured to him what, to his moderate habits, he considered as a competency. Among them he found a constant home, and at the house of one in particular, whom we might call his best patron, he was always considered as one of the family.

Soon after he was elected Greek Professor of Cambridge, by an unanimous vote of the seven electors. The distinction of this appointment was grateful to him. The salary is but 40*l.* a year. It was his earnest wish, however, to have made it an active and efficient office; and it was his determination to give an annual course of Lectures in the college, if rooms had been assigned for the purpose. These Lectures, as he designed, and had in truth made preparations for them, would have been invaluable; for he would have found occasion to elucidate the languages in general, and to have displayed their relations, their differences, their near and remote connections, their changes, their structure, their principles of etymology, and their causes of corruption. If any one man was qualified for this gigantic task, it was Mr. Professor Porson; and if his wishes had not been counteracted, we know that he would have undertaken the labour.

From this time, instead of lectures, he turned his thoughts to publication. His letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis, as has been truly said, put the controversy on the disputed text in St. John's first epistle and 5th chapter to rest, so that no man who has any pretensions to learning entertains any doubt upon the subject; and indeed it was the peculiar felicity of his mind, that whatever he undertook to elucidate he fixed for ever in the light.

In 1795, he married Mrs. Lunan, the sister of Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, but who sunk under a decline in April 1797, and from that time the Professor himself was so incessantly afflicted with a spasmodic asthma, as to interrupt him in every study to which he applied himself. Whether his sedentary habits served to bring it on we know not, but certainly very few men had accustomed themselves to such patient and continued toil. He had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated manuscript of the invaluable Lexicon of Photius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity College. And this he had with unparalleled difficulty just completed, when the beautiful copy which had cost him ten months of incessant toil, was burnt in the house of Mr. Perry, at Merton. The original being an *unique*, entrusted to him by his college, he carried with him wherever he went; and he was fortunately absent

from Merton on the morning of the fire. Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur, and made a second copy as beautiful as the first. It is extant in his library, and is quite ready for the press. Photius was patriarch of Constantinople in 857, one of the most learned and accomplished scholars in his time, and whose Bibliotheca contains extracts from 280 different authors. Of the plays of Euripides, which he published, the learned world has pronounced its judgment. The learned will hear with satisfaction that he has left an Orestes quite ready for the press. The last book he inspected was in the Globe Room of the London Institution, the Tuesday preceding his death; it contained a curious Greek inscription on the *Excerpta ex Jacobi Sponii de pagis Atticis.*

On the establishment of the London Institution, the managers manifested their own discernment and love of letters, by selecting him to be their principal librarian, for which he was peculiarly qualified, and had health been allowed him, he would have made their library truly valuable. His own, which he has been gradually collecting for thirty years, he has enriched by annotations of such value and importance to literature, that we hope and trust, the whole will be placed in his own college, that it may for ever be within the reach of those whom his example may arouse to similar pursuits, though they may despair of reaching equal attainments.

Mr. Porson has left a sister living, an amiable and accomplished woman. She is the wife of Siday Hawes, Esq. of Coltishall in Norfolk; they have five children; their eldest son is entered of St. Ben'ets College, Cambridge. Henry, the second brother of the Professor, was settled in a farm in Essex, and died young, leaving three children. His brother Thomas kept a boarding school at Fakenham, an excellent scholar, and died in 1792 without issue; and his father, Mr. Huggin Porson, died in 1805, in his 74th year. His mother died in 1784, aged 57.

On Monday, October 3d, the remains of Mr. Professor Porson were removed from the house of the London Institution in the Old Jewry, to be deposited in Trinity College chapel, Cambridge. The directors of the Institution ordered the house to be shut for the day, and the under librarians and other officers assisted in the solemnity. The procession from London consisted of four mourning coaches, followed by six private carriages; and the persons who attended him were his relatives and most intimate friends.

At half after two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the hearse arrived at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was received at the great gate and conveyed to the hall, where, according to the ancient usage, in cases where this distinguished tribute of respect is paid to a member, the body lay in state till 5 o'clock.

At this time the Lord Bishop of Bristol, master of the college, the vice master, senior and junior fellows, batchelors of arts, scholars, and other members resident in the university, in their academical habits and in black scarfs, bands, and gloves, walked from the Combination Room, accompanied by the chief mourners, into the hall; and after moving round the body, which was placed in the midst, they took their seats, the chief mourners being placed on the right hand, and left of the master. Greek, Latin, and English verses, the effusions of reverential respect for his high attainments and of love for his virtues, were placed on the pall, and were read with the most sympathetic interest by his former associates in study. An anthem was chanted by the choir. After which the body was raised by the bearers, and a most solemn procession was made round the great quadrangle of the college, from the hall to the chapel, in the following order:

Two Porters
Singing Men and Boys, two and two.
Mr. Wilson, the undertaker.
A Page. The Feather-lid. A Page.
Dr Davy, Physician. Mr. Oakes, Apothec.
Rev John Shepherd, Minister of Trin. Church. — Rev — Henshaw, Conductor of the Chapel.
The Lord Bishop of Bristol, Master.

THE BODY,

supported by the eight senior Fellows, viz.

Rev. G A Browne	Rev G. F. Tavell
Rev. Dr. Ramsden	Rev. J. Hailstone
Rev. Dr. Raine	Rev J. Davis
Rev J Lambert	Rev J.H Renouard, Vice Master.

CHIEF MOURNERS.

James Perry, and Siday Hawes, jun.
Brother-in-law, and nephew of the deceased.
Junior Fellows, two and two.
Batchelors, two and two.
Scholars, two and two.
Pensioners, two and two.
Mr. John Newby, clerk of the chapel,
and
Other servants of the college, two and two.

On entering the chapel, which was illuminated, the Lord Bishop, chief mourners, and all the members of the college, took their places, and the choir performed an anthem.

After which the Lord Bishop read the lesson, and the procession moved in the same order to the grave, which was at the foot of the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, and surrounded by those of all the illustrious persons which this great and distinguished college has produced. When they had taken their stations around the grave, and the body was placed above it ready for interment, the funeral anthem was performed by the choir in the adjoining chapel, during the most perfect silence of the auditory, and with the most solemn effect.

The service was then read by the Lord Bishop with such an awful, dignified, and impressive pathos as we never witnessed on any former solemnity of the kind. He was himself overwhelmed as he proceeded by his feelings; and he communicated the sympathetic emotion to every listening friend of the deceased. Nothing could be more solemn nor more affecting than his tone and delivery. The senior members of the college who had lived with the Professor in habits of the most endearing intercourse for thirty years, and who had the best means of estimating the wonderful height and variety of his attainments, shed tears of sorrow over the grave; and the whole assembly displayed a feeling of grief and interest, which bespoke the sense they entertained of the irreparable loss, that not only their own society but the literary world had suffered by his death.

The following was the simple inscription engraved in brass on his coffin:—

RICARDUS · PORSON ·
APUD CANTABRIGIENSES ·
LINGUAE · GRAECAE · PROFESSOR ·
ET
COLL. · TRIN. · S · S. · ET · IND. ·
OLIM. · SOCIUS · APUD · LONDINENSES ·
INSTITUTIONIS · LITTERARIAE ·
BIBLIOTHECARIUS · PRINCEPS ·
NATUS · VIII. · CAL · IAN. · MDCCLX ·
OBIIT. · VII · CAL. · OCT. ·
MDCCCVIII.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE occurrences of the last month are sufficient to excite very serious reflections in every mind, which is not lost to the events of this world, and to that spirit which animated our forefathers, and which it is the great glory of the English constitution to cherish and to invigorate. The universal indignation which was manifested at the disgraceful convention entered into by the triumvirate of generals, to whom the honour of the British arms had been confided in Portugal, was an evident presage that a matter of such importance could not be slurred over; and the three generals could scarcely expect that the English nation, so often bearing a noble testimony to the courage and zeal of our sailors and their commanders, would be silent under an event not to be paralleled in history for its baseness. The city of London, honourably for itself, took the lead upon this occasion; and an unanimity prevailed, which shewed that its council was alive to those feelings, which, when they cease to inspire Englishmen, leave nothing in this country worthy of estimation. A motion was made, after due notice, for an address to the king, expressing their grief at the disgrace cast on the British arms and the nation in general by the convention in Portugal, and requesting that an enquiry might be made into the authors of this disgrace, that condign punishment might follow those who could, in the sight of the whole world, place the British army in so unbecoming a situation. The address was couched in the most loyal and respectful terms, and the prayer of the petition was one in which every loyal British heart united.

The mover of the address, Mr.

Waithman, a very respectable common-councilman, in eloquence far superior to the generality of speakers in either house of parliament, shewed the propriety of it in strong and impressive terms, and he was seconded in a very able manner. Several of the members of the council, who were supposed to be the least likely to approach the throne upon any other occasion than that of a congratulation, expressed themselves with great spirit, and among them Colonel Birch particularly distinguished himself. Every body felt that, if at any time the city of London came forward, this extraordinary event was such a call as could not possibly be resisted. It was necessary that the king should know the sentiments of his people: and the metropolis very properly took the lead in speaking for so large a body. Every hand was held up in favour of an address, and one was soon after produced, which was carried with the utmost unanimity.

The day came for its being presented, and it was read as usual by the recorder. The king, in his reply, acknowledged his sense of the loyalty of the addressers, but reminded them that it was inconsistent with justice to pronounce judgment without previous investigation. He had, he declared, entertained a hope that recent occurrences might have convinced them, that he was ready at all times to institute an enquiry when the honour of the country required it; and that the interposition of the city of London could not have been thought by them to be necessary to induce him to direct an enquiry into a transaction which has disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation.

Having heard the reply, the Lord Mayor and his brethren retired; and almost at the same time entered one of the triumvirate generals, who was most graciously received. The next morning several of the newspapers expressed an unmanly joy at the reprimand received by the city, and triumphed in the idea that it was properly paid for the servile addresses supposed to have been of late years so often presented. For our own part we felt, we confess, very differently upon this occasion. We rejoiced that the city had acted in a manner so honourable to itself, and we regretted extremely that their loyalty had not met with a better reception. Whatever might have been its past conduct, surely those men must be extremely weak who wish a public body to be discountenanced in approaching the throne with those truths which are felt by the whole country. They modestly requested an enquiry: the nation wished for an enquiry: the king himself seemed to participate in the general sentiment. The object therefore of the address could not be denied to be good. The experience of the past was assuredly no warranty for an enquiry. After the passing over of the disgraceful convention at the Helder, and the defeat at Ferrol,—when no public mark had been given by ministers of disapprobation of the Portuguese convention — when the park and tower guns had announced it to the metropolis as a triumph, not a disgrace to our arms—surely the city of London cannot be blamed for a hasty interference, and it has done only what the urgency of affairs required.

Whatever the writers in these public newspapers may think, and with whatever delight they may disparage every effort in their countrymen to think justly and to act uprightly, the country does not participate in the meanness of their sentiments. The example set by the city of London has been followed by other cities and by counties, and probably the whole nation will unite in laying at the foot of the throne their loyal and unanimous petitions. The city of Westminster has come forward with a true spirit; and its petition goes farther than that of the city of London. The latter requested only an enquiry into the disgraceful convention, the city of Westminster requests, that the king would forthwith call his parliament, that the whole of this unhappy business may be fairly and openly investigated. We scarcely know when a stronger reason could be urged for the calling of a parliament. The whole of the expedition requires examination. In what manner was it fitted out? By whom were the two first generals, men so little known, selected? Does the fault lie chiefly with the triumvirate

of generals, or with the minister, or is it to be divided between them? If the generals have any spark of honour left in them, they must court enquiry, or their names will go down to posterity with such reproaches that no present honours can counterbalance.

With whom the blame lies time must discover: but the enquiry will not terminate, we hope, with the affair of Portugal. It is necessary that the whole state of the army should be investigated. Rumours are propagated of a species of favouritism being permitted, which, if true, ought to be removed; if false, the characters of those attached for it may be vindicated. Errors may arise in any establishment: but it is strange, that in this country the army and navy should be allowed to be on such different footings. Were the army under a board similar to that of the admiralty, and were the strange system of selling commissions abolished, we should not hear of such men being at the head of our forces as a Whitelocke or a Dalrymple. To rise to so exalted a station service would be requisite, and in that service distinction must have been obtained. The board of admiralty would not give the command of a large squadron to a captain who had never been in action, or, having been in action, had never distinguished himself. The navy of England points out to us the way in which heroes are to be produced; and the army would not be less conspicuous, if equal pains were taken in it to form their officers and to reward merit.

Two of the triumvirate generals are in England, Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Arthur Wellesley. The former did not arrive for some days after the city address, and it is said that he is not less desirous for an enquiry than the nation. But he calls for one by a court-martial, and without doubt that is the true manner in which the question is to be tried, as far as the generals are concerned. General Whitelocke was tried by a court-martial, and there was no need for an enquiry in that case but by the regular courts. This is assuredly a much more complicated question: for, if the generals have done all that the circumstances in which they were placed permitted them to do, no blame can attach to them: but it is thrown with a dreadful responsibility in another quarter. It does Sir Hew Dalrymple credit, if he is really anxious that his whole conduct should be investigated; and he will be heard with the utmost candour in his defence: but we cannot help thinking what a Nelson would have done had he been in a similar situation.

The feelings of Englishmen have been wounded, not only by the disgraceful convention, but by the manifestos issued by our commanders since they have got rid of the French. The account of the French conduct in Portugal has been greatly exaggerated; but orders of commands remain to be compared together. In fact, the Portuguese have not been sufficiently attended to throughout the progress of this campaign. We drove out their enemies; but by mistake at first our flag, instead of that of the prince regent, was hoisted; and then the orders for the police of Lisbon seemed such rather, as might have been issued for a conquered than a relieved town. However, the Portuguese rejoice at having got rid of their former guests; and in due time every thing will be arranged for the interest of the prince regent. Whether this prince will not think himself much better in his Brazilian dominions time will discover: at any rate, it would be more judicious in him to wait the issue of events in Spain, than risque a second departure from his native capital.

In Spain nothing has happened to discourage the hopes of the brave patriots. The French have indeed retaken Bilboa; but when we consider the situation of this place, and the strength of the French in the north of Spain, such an event was to be expected. The Spanish forces made a masterly retreat from the place; and when they are joined by the troops that made their escape from Denmark and supplies from England, the French will, it is to be hoped, be compelled in their turn to retreat. Had our troops, employed in Portugal, been landed at Bilboa, such an event could not have happened; and we should have been able to make such a diversion in that quarter, as might have been extremely injurious

to the projects of the main French army. This army is situated near the banks of the Ebro, but its strength is by no means ascertained. The Gallo-Spanish king is with them. The main Spanish army is marching from the south against him; and if it is duly seconded by the troops in Biscay and Catalonia coming on their rear at the foot of the Pyrenees, it should seem impossible that the French army could make a retreat. But we do not know what forces may have joined it, and probably those which we have conveyed to France are now on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees.

The Supreme Junta is assembled. It took the oaths with the usual ceremonies; and the shouts of the populace proclaimed their joy at the meeting of the Junta, and the declaration that Ferdinand was their king. We have not as yet heard of their deliberations, nor of any resolutions passed by them. What their power is to be cannot well be ascertained: for, as it consists of deputies from the Supreme Juntas of different provinces, and those Juntas retain their power, the actions of the Supreme Junta may be very much restrained. Probably they will be confined chiefly to military operations, and the preparing of every thing necessary for the calling of a general Cortez. In fact, a general Cortez is rendered absolutely necessary, and to the Cortez only can Spain look for an amelioration of its condition. Their zeal is sufficiently animated against the French; and if it wanted fresh fuel, Cevallos would have communicated it by his full account of the intrigues of Bonaparte to get possession of their princes. What is most wonderful in this business is, that the two kings could have been such dupes; and they have sufficiently proved, that neither of them is worth fighting for. Before Englishmen, however, take upon themselves to be very outrageous against Bonaparte for his conduct, let them say whether they vindicate or not similar transactions in the East Indies.

France must be in a state of internal tranquillity; for Bonaparte has left his metropolis, and is in the heart of Germany. There he has given the meeting to his brother of Russia. The latter was dissuaded by some of his subjects from going, but he reprimanded them severely, and bid them not trouble their heads about politics. We presume that he has nothing to fear in this rencontre; and, in fact, the seizure of his person would not answer any purpose. In a despotic country they set aside their kings with great ease, and the successor would think himself much obliged to Bonaparte for his conduct. The meeting was very grand: kings and princes in abundance attended it. The two great sovereigns accosted each other with all cordiality. But sovereigns do not travel several hundred miles for the pleasure of accosting each other: their secret plans are not known: the character of Bonaparte forbids us to hope that any thing can arise from them, but the setting up or pulling down of thrones and the partition of kingdoms.

Something pacific may, however, have entered into their schemes; for, it is said, that messengers from both parties have arrived in this country. What terms can be offered it is difficult to conceive. Will Bonaparte consent that Spain should be an independent kingdom? Will he be content with the power that he has already acquired? What peace would his restless mind be satisfied with? We see no prospect of accommodation, and look for the result of this sovereign meeting to some plans for the supposed benefit of both Russia and France. It is said that Bonaparte is to allow Duke Constantine to be king of Constantinople, and to divide the Turkish dominions in Europe into three parts, one for the kingdom under Constantine, one for himself, and one for Austria.

But is Austria to accede to this treaty willingly, or by force? That she is alarmed, we cannot doubt. She has been trying every method to recruit her strength, and is fearful of another contest, in which she may have to contend with the combined forces of France and Russia. So complicated and so variable are the politics of the present times, that every moment almost changes friends into enemies and enemies into friends. The Russian forgets all former friendships with his new ally, and he may easily be wheedled to turn his

arms against Austria. The court of the latter country will not meet with much compassion; for, in spite of its past lessons, it does not seem to have advanced one step towards the improvement of its government.

The Swede continues to fight with great courage; but we are by no means clear that he will be able to rescue Finland from the arms of Russia. Some bloody battles have been fought. The issue of them is not known, and we have therefore reason to conjecture that they have not been in favour of the Swede. His fleet also, united with ours, have not been able to force the Russian fleet in Port Baltic to surrender. The situation of that port has favoured the Russians, and the admiral has raised such batteries on the shores that we cannot approach them. Attempts at negociation are said to have been used; and it is certain, that it is with great reluctance England fights against Russia. The Russian fleet now harboured in Portsmouth was suffered to have its flag flying in that port: but whatever our ministers may think, we do not see the least probability of their rescuing the Russian emperor from the friendship of Bonaparte.

From Denmark we hear little. Its war with Sweden affords nothing new. A petty war is carried on against its coasts by a Baron Hompesch, who has the command of a vessel, we presume under authority, and has landed in some places, carrying away plunder, and creating rather vexation than contributing much towards the termination of the war. We presume that this is the Baron Hompesch who has given so much occasion for remarks on his conduct in our courts of law.

In America, addresses have been sent to the President from some of the sea towns on the subject of the embargo, to which he has sent very temperate answers. Our papers complain of him, for not speaking with sufficient warmth on the affairs of Spain; but they do not recollect that he is too far from that country to have the intelligence of which we are in possession: and, when he spoke of the changes in its government, he could know little more than the abdication of the two kings, and the appointment of one of the Bonapartes to the throne. He could not know how far the change there might affect the embargo; and he very wisely reasons as an American, not as an European sovereign. Much of party prevails in America: but one great point in favour of the American President is, that both English and French join in reprobation of his measure. In his answer to the addresses, he laments the necessity of it; but he states the question very clearly; and of the propriety of his conduct men will judge very differently, according to their respective interests. The merchants will of course be clamorous, because there must be a cessation for some time to their gains: but the question naturally arises,—Whether it is not better for a country to lose all its gains in commerce for a year or two, than to enter into a war which in one year will consume all the profits in commerce for the next ten years? The President states clearly, that the embargo arose from necessity. The Americans were harassed by both of the contending powers; and, if he took part with one, he must enter into war with the other. Blood and destruction, and all the follies of war, must follow. A distance of three thousand miles separated their coasts from the seat of war. Which, then, was the most advantageous: to abstain from all intercourse with quarrelsome countries, till they had settled their differences, or to pursue a commerce which led to endless vexations? John Bull is for a word and a blow. The Americans, we hope, are setting a good example to the world, and may be the means of correcting the brutal principles which have for so many years been predominant in human politics. We must not imagine, however, that all trade is at a stand with them. They have a long line of coast, and the exchange of commodities between the northern and southern provinces is very considerable. The approaching meeting of the congress will throw new light upon the question: but at present, the measure of the President seems to us to be replete with wisdom, directed to the good of his country, and founded on principles adapted to men of better dispositions than those who are tearing each other to pieces in Europe.

We mentioned Mr. Waithman in

the beginning of our Report, and gave him due credit for his very able conduct in the council chamber of the city of London. He has, we find, signalised himself in his district in the country, which is much indebted to him for his exertions, and which may excite other parishes to be watchful over the expenditure of their money, and careful into whose hands they commit the guidance of their affairs. The parish officers, it seems, thought themselves above all controul from the parish, and took upon themselves to contract for works, and to urge the execution of them, in opposition to the general sense of their constituents. A meeting of the inhabitants was called, which, in its resolutions, declared the impropriety of their officers measures, and desired a vestry to be called. After much opposition, a vestry met; and Mr. Mellish, the member for the county, was placed in the chair. It was intended, by a side motion of thanks to the officers, to sanction their proceedings; and the countenance of Mr. Mellish, Sir W. Curtis, and one or two rich men, was thought sufficient to protect their intended resolutions. Mr. Waithman, however, made an amendment to the motion; purporting, that the parish money should not be employed to pay for works which were disapproved of: and, on the show of hands, Mr. Mellish, with great reluctance, was obliged to confess that it was in favour of the amendment, though he had taken some pains that it should not be voted in the regular manner. This majority in favour of the amendment was made more decisive by counting the numbers present; and then, a thing unheard of before, a ballot was called for of the whole parish, to last for three days, and to this Mr. Mellish consented. The ballot accordingly took place; and the result was, that Mr. Waithman's amendment was carried with a far greater majority than before. It is usual for such meetings to break up with thanks to the chairman; but in this case such a compliment could not consistently be paid: in lieu of it a very severe motion of censure was passed on the chairman by a great majority. These proceedings are a very useful lesson both to the officers and to the chairman:—they may now reflect, that they are the servants, not the lords, of their parish; and, if it is very seldom that a parish will unite against its officers, it becomes them to consider that they are amenable to the parish for their actions. The chairman will learn, that, whatever he might think of the subject in dispute, it was his chief duty to act in the chair with impartiality. The proceedings of a parish, not less than those of a kingdom, are worthy of attention.—The wish to rule without restraint is as frequently apparent in the small as in the larger divisions of mankind: and checks to that spirit of domination are equally wanting in one as the other. Happy is that parish and that kingdom where mutual confidence reigns between the governors and the governed; arising on the one hand from the desire to rule with moderation, and on the other to submit to wise regulations with cheerfulness.

The higher circles have had their attention engrossed by a very singular adventure—relative to the publication of a Major Hogan, who esteems himself to have been much injured in the army. The sum of four hundred pounds was conveyed to him by a lady, with a view to suppress his pamphlet; and the first publisher refused to sell the second edition. The circumstances of this case will probably be brought before the public in a judicial form; for very high names have been used upon this occasion. The question is certainly very worthy of the attention of the public in general, and the army in particular.

A revolution is likely to take place in this country, much for the benefit of its inhabitants, and for the interest of a numerous part of our fellow-subjects. For upwards of a hundred years we have been indebted to China for a great part of our beverage, and our cottagers have lived upon tea.—The government have lately considered, that in our West-India islands a plant is grown, which affords to the greater part of Europe a wholesomer if not a pleasanter drink; and that we ought to encourage it at home, in preference to a commodity brought from an immense distance. In consequence of this reflection, the duties upon coffee have been so much lowered, that the poor may have access to it,

and obtain a much cheaper and better beverage than that to which they have been accustomed. The sale of coffee has already been considerable. It must be chiefly confined to West-India produce, as there is very little Arabian coffee in the kingdom; and we believe none in the East-India company's warehouses. This will stimulate our colonies to cultivate the coffee-plant with greater assiduity, and they may perhaps rival, in time, the productions of Mocha and Java. Their coffee is at present very good; and, if we expend a few millions in the West Indies upon coffee, instead of sending them a much longer voyage to China for tea, the colonists will be enabled to take a greater quantity of our commodities, and we shall not be subject to the monopoly of an overgrown company.

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ON perusing the title-page of this work, we are naturally led to suppose that the work itself must be a wonderful production. The author absolutely undertakes (in thirty-five pages of music) to imitate *twenty-two of the finest instrumental performers, composers,* and *singers,* that ever adorned the musical profession. In order to accomplish this arduous task, he commences with a "*Tema,*" which in itself is one of the most trifling subjects which we have ever met with; not even excepting the *meanest lesson* in *Hook's Guida, op.* 37, for there are only two discords in it, viz. the minor seventh and its third inversion, the chord of the 2d, 4th, and 6th, which, with the harmony of the key, and the fifth of it, are to furnish Mr. L. with materials for *his Imitations* of the rich, tasteful, and scientific compositions of *a Cramer, a Dussek, a Steibelt,* &c. Although the "*Tema,*" which Mr. L. has chosen, is very *trifling,* nay even *contemptible,* when we consider the purpose for which it is intended, yet we cannot help smiling at his policy for adopting it: for as there is *nothing* in the *subject,* you cannot expect more in the *argument*; consequently there can be no great *disappointment,* or at most it will not exceed the price of *seven shillings and sixpence.* We shall not attempt to analyze the whole of the work, but merely notice those pages and passages that are likely to meet the ideas of our musical readers; and thereby endeavour to prove that the attempt to imitate the beautiful compositions of those persons mentioned in it, is infinitely beyond the *flimsy capacity* of Mr. Latour. His attempt in the style of Grassini's singing is preposterous; whoever has had the pleasure of hearing that divine singer must recollect *the great depth of voice* which she possessed; in short it favoured more of the *Tenore* than the *Soprano*; but he has attempted to describe her singing by introducing passages, the divisions of which, could scarcely be executed by the *rapidity and fire* of a "*Billington,*" much less by *Grassini,* whose beauties in singing consisted of *serious, deep, and determined tones,* and not of the introducing of *chromatic triplets,* and singing up to A and B in alt, notes which are not within the compass of her voice.

In page 6, an attempt is made to imitate the composition of "*Mazzinghi.*" If our readers will examine attentively the first movement of that author's sonata, in the key of G. op. 14, they will find that Mr. L. has made

a trifling mistake by giving "*a selection*" instead of "*an imitation.*" In page 7, the name of "*Saust*" (a celebrated flute player) is introduced. The flute accompaniment in this page does not answer the description given of it in the title page; *there* it is *ad libitum*, *here* it is *obligato*; but we can see nothing very remarkable in this Imitation; where are the passages peculiar to Mr. Saust's stile of playing? all that Mr. Latour has introduced we have heard performed long before Mr. Saust was known as an eminent flute player.

In page 14, Mr. Latour's attempt to imitate "*Cramer*" is truly ludicrous; instead of finding (as we are led to suppose) an elegant subject replete with counterpoint and every species of musical science, so peculiar to that excellent composer, we are furnished with a page of unmeaning passages, *tasteless* in subject and *meagre* in modulation; which is impudently called an Imitation of every thing that is elegant and scientific.

In page 15, there is "*a Selection*" from Braham's Pollacca, instead of *an Imitation* We really thought that Mr. L. would have been more successful in this attempt, as their style of composition is so much alike, "*very simple*," but "*very popular.*" Mr. L. should have recollected that it is the worst of crimes to rob the *poor*. With respect to the Imitations of "*Dussek*," and *Steibelt*, we beg leave to class them with that of "*Cramer's.*" Nothing but the most unparalleled effrontery and avarice on the part of Mr. Latour, could have induced him to commit such an outrage on common sense, as that of producing the work now before us. Can any one point out a single composition of Mr. Latour's, that resembles those of "*Dussek*," "*Cramer*," or "*Steibelt*," in any thing else but the *cleffs* and the *time?* No, nor ever will; but we really think that he might have succeeded had he attempted an imitation of "*Nicolai, op.* 11," "*Hook's* 24 *Progressive Lessons*," *Burton's Rondo*, or any other trifling work calculated for the improvement of juvenile performers, and we are also ready to admit that he may be extremely clever as PIANISTE in the drawing-room of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and equally so as A YEOMAN OF THE MOUTH in his Royal Highness's *Pantry*, but not as an imitator of elegant and scientific compositions.

H.

"*Ah! why did Henry leave his home.*" *Sung by Mrs. Bland. Written and composed by G. Nicks.* 1*s.*

PARBLEU! What Master Nicks again? Notwithstanding the wholesome chastisement that we inflicted upon thee in our number for July last, hast thou still the temerity to present thyself once more before us? "Bray a fool in a mortar," said a certain wise man, "yet will not his folly depart from him." Now, as we by no means covet so unprofitable an employment, pray "pass on" good Master Nicks.

J.

"*The Chapter of Driving.*" *Sung by Mr. Dignum. Composed by W. Russell.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is the first time that we have had the mortification of seeing Mr. Russell's name inserted in the title of a comic song. It is painful to see a clever man so entirely mistake his talent. As an organist, as a composer of anthems, and as a theorist, few men rank higher than Mr. Russell. But really as a composer of the comic order, he cuts a figure little less ridiculous, than would our present venerable Bishop of London, were it possible for him so far to debase himself as to sing "*Four and twenty Fiddlers all in a Row*," at Sadler's Wells.

Friend Russell, take advice: leave the composing of *nugæ canoræ* to Messrs. Reeve and Kelly, or to Mr. Ware of 300*l.*!!! fiddle notoriety. By the bye, we ought to have given the last mentioned gentleman's name the precedence, becaue he *writes* as well as composes the comic. His famous *Fiddle Paragraph* is undoubtedly one of the most irresistibly drole flashes of merriment, and has caused more diversion, than any other comic effusion with which we have lately met. Nay, it out Dibdin's even C. Dibdin, jun. himself.

The *words* of the "Chapter of Driving" are just what you would expect to meet with at Vauxhall. In the

speaking part of this song, Mr. Dignum thus familiarly addresses his audience,—"The gardens look delightfully this season; never more brilliant. Mrs. Bland is in capital voice, and our old friend Dignum is not much amiss." This, our *old friend* Dignum, we suppose thought "*vastly funny.*" We think that it was "*mighty impudent.*" J.

"*Will you come to the Bower.*" *Arranged as a rondo for the piano-forte, by S. Hale.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

MR. HALE has arranged this favourite air in an elegant and tasteful manner. Indeed, we think that in general Mr. H. is remarkably successful in this light species of composition. J.

"*The Dapper Damsel.*" *A favourite song, sung by Mr. Smith at Saddler's Wells. Written by Mr. C. Dibdin. Composed by Mr. Reeve.* 1*s.*

MORE *Poetry!!!* from Mr. C. Dibdin, and *original* music from Mr. Reeve.

The idea of a man's tumbling into a stinking ditch, and in scrambling out from it, a branch of a tree catching him by the waistband of his breeches, and his dangling upon this branch to "*dry like a dishclout a dripping*" may be very popular at Sadler's Wells, but surely it never will be so any where else. J.

"*Call again to morrow.*" *A favourite song, sung with unbounded applause by Mr. Smith, at Sadler's Wells.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

NOTWITHSTANDING that "*Call again to morrow*" is written by Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. and composed by Mr. Reeve; we pronounce it to be a clever song. We have, to be sure, rather too much of Mr. D.'s *witty orthography* again; but then the *idea* (which is excellent) makes ample amends for it.

Mr. Reeve's melody, too, is pleasing, and remarkably appropriate. Upon the whole we think that this song justly merits the great popularity which it has acquired. J.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

COVENT-Garden theatre is to be rebuilt upon the same ground, but with very great improvements.—The proprietors flatter themselves that the new house will be ready by September next. In the meanwhile it is believed that the wardrobe and scenic departments will be totally detached from the stage and audience part of the theatre, that should a similar accident occur, a chance may be afforded of saving the property. Of the proposed dimensions, some idea may be formed from the intended height of the flats, on each side of the stage, for the reception of the scenes, which are to be 22 feet high; in the old theatre they were 18 feet; the altitude of those in Drury-lane is 26 feet. Every possible exertion will be made to complete the new edifice, consistent with a due regard to security, by the time at which the season usually commences, next year; and particular care will be taken to guard against the danger of the calamity which destroyed the old one. It is said that a considerable sum of money is intended to be raised, by way of tontine, upon such liberal terms as will render the shares highly desirable, and consequently the subscription will be soon filled, in order to defray the expenses of the new building as they arise. The friends of the patentees have already come forward with the most zealous offers of assistance and support.

The King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, was opened on Monday, Sept. 26, with *Douglas*, to afford to his Majesty's servants of Covent-Garden theatre the facility of recommencing their performances, interrupted by the late calamity. As soon as the curtain drew up, Mr. Kemble came forward, and delivered an address to the audience, pathetically touching on that melancholy occasion. He observed, that he appeared before them to express a grateful sense of the flattering encouragement they had afforded the company on the present evening: he was apprehensive it was irregular to address them on the misfortunes of the company, but he trust-

ed that their indulgence would interpret the expressions that he uttered in the most favourable manner. Notwithstanding the misfortune which had befallen the theatre, it had been the object of the managers that no time should be lost in providing for those who looked up to them for support. Previous to the late disaster, the theatre abounded with splendid scenery, excellent machinery, and valuable stage ornaments, but by that dreadful calamity all those embellishments of the drama had been lost. These losses it was the intention of the managers to supply as early as it was possible. He again thanked the public for the support and encouragement they had afforded: and he concluded by assuring them, that a new theatre would be opened by next September, replete with every article necessary to make it a fit ornament for the first city in the British empire.

Friday, Oct. 7. *The Stranger—The Forest of Hermanstadt; or, Princess and no Princess.* After the representation of *The Stranger*, in which Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble displayed their usual excellence, and in which most of the performers were very respectable, this new melo-drama was exhibited. The fable is as follows:—

Almaric, Grand Duke of Transylvania, having heard much in praise of *Elisara*, daughter to the sovereign of Bulgaria, sends *Oswald*, his confidential friend, to make proposals of marriage in his name. *Oswald* has an accomplished but ambitious sister, named *Ulrica*, who has never been seen by *Almaric*. *Oswald* sends home the picture of his sister, instead of that of the *Princess Elisara*, to his master, who becomes enamoured of the portrait, and sends orders to his treacherous friend to hasten the marriage. *Oswald* concludes his negociation, and departs from Bulgaria with the Princess, but by a pretended rencontre with a Walladiran banditti, he puts to death all those of *Elisara's* retinue who had seen her face, it having been the custom for ladies in Bulgaria to appear always veiled in public; and leaving the princess to the care of two ruffians, in a ruined palace in the forest of Hermanstadt, he decks his sister with the royal ornaments and dress, and carries her towards the Court, under the assumed title of *Princess of Bulgaria*. The true *Elisara* having succeeded in softening the hearts of her ferocious guards, and escaping from their intentions of murdering her, finds shelter in a little inn on the borders of the forest. To this inn the *Duke Almaric* brings *Ulrica*, the pretended princess, having met her in her progress towards his capital. *Oswald* and *Ulrica* are dismayed at seeing their victim, and by their threats and artifices prevent the affrighted princess from discovering herself. She experiences a variety of adventures while thus situated, and particularly attracts the notice of *Almaric*, who already begins to dislike the haughty measures of *Ulrica*, and to wish he had not so hastily been fascinated by her picture. In the mean time *Zavolano*, one of *Elisara's* escort (a nobleman and a friend of her father, the Bulgarian King), having escaped the fate of the princess's other attendants, arrives, on his way to Hermanstadt, at the inn, recognises his sovereign's daughter under her disguise, and having induced *Oswald's* confidant *(Korle)* to confess part of his master's villany, he throws himself at *Almaric's* feet, and accuses *Oswald* and *Ulrica*. His testimony is not at first believed, till two ruffians, who were to have dispatched *Elisara*, are brought in support of it, and a diamond ornament, which *Ulrica* knows not the secret to open, is opened by *Elisara*, and produces an heretofore-concealed portrait of the real princess. The conspirators are punished, and *Almaric* is united to *Elisara*. The rustic comicality of the innkeeper, *Bazil*, his wife *Gertrude*, and their man *Andrew*, forms the lighter part of the piece. *Andrew*, supposing *Elisara* to be one of his own rank in life, makes love to her, and assists, innocently, in adding to the embarrassments she is perpetually thrown into by the novelty and danger of her disguised situation.

This piece is Mr. Skeffington's play of *The Mysterious Bride*, compressed into two acts, with the adventitious aid of pretty and appropriate music, some pantomimic action, and every assistance of the managers and decorist; and, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, was better performed than at Drury-lane theatre.

It was heard throughout with much attention.

If there be any difference in the merits of the two pieces, that difference is, we think, in favour of the *Mysterious Bride*; which, being a production of greater length, has afforded more scope for effect, and does accordingly contain, in the last act, two or three striking situations which the melo-drama was necessarily too limited in its plan to comprise at all. However, it is but justice to say, that the melo-drama, as far as it went, was exceedingly well constructed, and fully deserved the applause it obtained. Mr. Farley, Mr. Liston, and Mrs. H. Johnstone, distinguished themselves in the performance: the two former by their effective acting, and the latter by her beauty and interesting appearance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Does "Egroeg" think the work he has animadverted upon worthy of notice? It is to be remembered, that every literary attack renders its object more popular; and the writers for the work alluded to, would gladly compound for infamy and money.

"Humanus" shall appear in our next.

We shall be glad to hear from "Juvenis" again.

We thank "Candidus" for his grateful letter. As often as there may seem to be occasion for private communication with him, we shall adopt it. One more of his pieces will be inserted next month.

We beg leave to decline the "Russian Song."

"M." on *Puffing*, is inadmissible.

We wish we could accede to the request of "Jos. Brown, M.D." His *Epitaph* is not without merit, but some of the lines are susceptible of improvement. If he can prevail upon himself to make this improvement, and will transmit us a copy time enough for our next number, it shall appear

We have perused "J. Graham's" *Essay on the Effects of Education on the Poor*, but must decline inserting it.

"W. P." of Manchester, will find part of his communications in the present Number. His "Elegiac Stanzas" shall appear in our next.

"T. S." on the *Perfection of Man*, has not *perfection* enough to entitle it to a place in the Universal Magazine.

"The Lover" is nonsense.

"Mr. Fletcher's" *Imitations and Parodies* came too late for insertion this month.—They will appear in our next.

"R. F." is offended at our praise of Mr. Kemble's acting: let him disprove by argument. He tells us he is not a "*very* ignorant person." Truly, we doubt it; for *theatricle*, *akumen*, *stricktures*, *jestures*, &c. &c. form no part of education.

We have received "Mr. Pratt's" note, accompanying his poem: they will be attended to.

We refer "Recti Fautor" to an Eton Grammar.

ERRATA.

The Letter signed Αλλοπροσαλλος,—for the vulgarism "*that that* excellence," read "that excellence;" i. e. the abstract quality of excellence "is not infallible."

Essay on ancient and modern Eloquence,—

For "effect those of their," &c. read "affect."

— "feelings" read "figures."

— "sincere, unbiassed," towards the end, erase the comma.

Annotations on Shakspeare, last number, in *Antony and Cleopatra*,—

Before "if thou so yield him," insert "but if well and free."

For "should *leave* an army," read "*have*."

Quotation from Dante,—for *v.* 34, read *st.* 34; i. e. stanza.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

THE following Epitaph was written by Mr. JOHN WILKINSON, (see p. 183) a short time before his dissolution, and is inscribed in letters of iron, gilt, on his tomb:—

Delivered from persecution of malice & envy,
HERE RESTS
JOHN WILKINSON,
IRONMASTER,
In certain Hope of a better State & heavenly Mansion,
as promulgated by
JESUS CHRIST,
In whose Gospel he was a firm BELIEVER;
His Life was spent in Action
for the Benefit of Man,
and he trusts, in
some degree,
to the
GLORY OF GOD.

His different Works that remain, in various parts of the kingdom, are testimonies of unceasing labour, until death relieved him, the 14th day of July, 1808, at the advanced age of 80.

DR. RICHARD LUBBOCK (see page 285) was a native of Norwich; he received the early and classical part of his education at the Free School of that city, under Mr. Lemon and Mr. Pryse; his medical education commenced with Mr. Rigby, under whom he was one of the first pupils who attended the Norfolk and Norwich hospital: he studied several years at Edinburgh, and obtained his degree in that university in the year 1784, with great credit, having distinguished himself by his *Thesis de Principio sorbile*, in which he delivered some ingenious and original speculations which excited considerable notice from the philosophical chemists of that day. His introduction to practice, on his return to Norwich, was almost immediate; and from its earliest period to the moment of his being arrested by disease, he was unremittingly engaged in it—time and talent, having, perhaps, in no instance, been more uniformly, more constantly, or more undeviatingly directed to the objects of his profession. On entering upon it, he adopted, we understand, some medical opinions, which were thought to be almost peculiar to himself, and at variance with established theories;—they were, however, convictions in his mind; he conscientiously acted upon them, and his practice it cannot be denied, has been justifyingly successful. The *Thesis* before alluded to was his only literary production, which appeared as a separate publication, but he wrote several papers in a periodical journal; an elaborate one on Diabetes, a striking and well written case of Catalepsy, and an Essay on Apoplexy, the latter signed Pyrrhus, will not be forgotten by medical readers. He also wrote a Memorial on Vaccination, in the year 1805, when an attempt was made to extend its benefits to the lower classes. We have to add that his moral character was without a stain, and his private and domestic virtues most estimable. He married in 1797, and leaves a widow and eight children.

The Rev. CLEMENT CRUTTWELL (see page 285) first appeared as an author in his edition of *Bishop Wilson's Bible and Works*, to which he has prefixed a Life; and in the splendid edition of the Bible, he has inserted Collations from the various Texts; an employment which first directed his thoughts to that most laborious undertaking, his "*Concordance of Parallel Texts of Scripture*;" a work which, according to the usual computation of time and assiduity, would be sufficient to occupy the life of an ordinary man; and when it is considered that he printed it in his own house, and corrected the press as he proceeded, some idea may be formed of his industry and perseverance. To the high merits of this performance, as a most accurate compilation, the clerical profession will readily subscribe; and the just and public encomium of the Bishop of Lincoln has stamped it with its due value. Scarcely had he recovered from a severe illness, which his incessant application had produced, and which obliged him to have recourse to the baths of St. Amand, in Flanders, when he projected the scheme of his *Universal Gazetteer*; in the execution of which he spent ten years of un-

wearied diligence; the sale of the first edition sufficiently proved the favourable idea in which it was regarded by the public; and he had just gone through the laborious office of editing a second edition, comprising 30,000 new articles, when, on the road to his native town, Wokingham, in Berkshire, he was arrested by a sudden illness which terminated fatally before medical assistance could be procured. Warm, generous, and sincere in his private character, Mr. C. had conciliated the esteem and affection of a numerous circle of friends: secluded, indeed, of late years, by his ill state of health, his society had been principally confined to his more immediate connexions: to them he was most affectionately attached, and exhibited in all his social relations the kindest and most benevolent heart; by them he is deeply and sincerely regretted. He died in his 65th year.

The Right Hon. Lord LYTTLETON (see page 286) died at Hagley Park, in Worcestershire. His lordship was born on the 4th of January, 1725, and soon after he came of age was elected M. P. for the borough of Bewdley; and in 1755 he was appointed governor of South Carolina, afterwards of the island of Jamaica, and in 1766, envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Lisbon; and, on his return from Portugal, was again elected member for Bewdley, and in 1776, created a peer of Ireland, and soon after constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; and in 1794, the English peerage of Lyttleton was revived in his favour.

His lordship married in June, 1761, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of James Macartney, Esq. of Longford, in Ireland, by whom (who died in 1765) he had a daughter, Hester, married to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, and two sons, George Fulke and Charles Adam, the latter deceased. His lordship married secondly, Feb. 19, 1774, Caroline, daughter of John Bristow, Esq. late of Quiddenham, in Norfolk, by whom he had issue several children, of whom two only have survived him, viz. Carolina Anne, married to the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, of Anthony, in Cornwall, and William Henry, now one of the representatives in parliament for the county of Worcester. His lordship is succeeded in his honours and estate by his eldest son, George Fulke, now Lord Lyttleton.

Mr. JOHN HOME (see page 286) was originally educated for the church of Scotland, and was inducted into a living in the Lothians, the duties of which he discharged with the greatest propriety. As soon, however, as it was known that he was the author of the excellent tragedy of *Douglas*, he became very unpopular, from the puritanical spirit of the times, which rendered it criminal in the eyes of the multitude, that a clergyman should even read a play, far less be the author of one. On this Mr. Home gave in his resignation, and contented himself with the income of a small paternal estate. He was always, as far as his means would admit, the friend and liberal patron of merit; and, under his fostering hand, many sparks of literary genius, that would have otherwise lain dormant, were brought to light. One instance of this kind may be mentioned.—The celebrated poems of Ossian would never have been heard of, had not Mr. Home stretched forth his protecting hand to Macpherson, the translator. Whilst Mr. Macpherson was schoolmaster of Ruthven, in Badenoch, he occupied his leisure hours in collecting from the native, but illiterate bards of the mountains of Scotland, fragments of these inimitable poems: a few of them he translated, and inserted them occasionally in a weekly miscellany, then conducted at Edinburgh by the learned Walter Ruddiman. The beauty of these pieces soon attracted the notice of Mr. Home, of Drs. Robertson and Blair; and it was resolved by these gentlemen to send for Mr. Macpherson from his humble retreat. He accordingly came to Edinburgh, and had an interview with these literary characters; the result of which was, that he resigned his situation as schoolmaster, and travelled at their expense all over the Highlands, and collected the originals of those poems, which have since been the subject of

so much controversy. Macpherson, at his death, left Mr. Home 2000*l.* as a mark of grateful recollection of the acts of kindness he had received from him in early life. Though Mr. Home wrote several tragedies besides *Douglas*, some of which possess great merit, none of them were successful on the stage. He was a member of the consistory court in Scotland, from which situation he however derived little or no emolument.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Mr. Home was an officer in the Pretender's army, in the year 1745; and that after the insurrection was suppressed, he obtained a commission in his Majesty's service, which he held for some time. A few years ago he published a History of the Rebellion, which he dedicated to his Majesty: and from this work it appears that the political sentiments which had once induced him to support the House of Stuart, had undergone a complete change.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

ON Wednesday, October 12th, the Lord Mayor, Recorder, City Officers, and a Deputation composed of a certain number of Aldermen and Common Councilmen, waited on the King at St. James's, and presented an Address on the subject of the late Convention, as follows:—

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

The humble and dutiful Address and Petition of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons, of the City of London, in Common Council assembled.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal servants, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, most humbly approach your Majesty with renewed assurances of attachment to your Majesty's most sacred Person and Government, and veneration for the free principles of the British Constitution; to express to your Majesty our grief and astonishment at the extraordinary and disgraceful Convention lately entered into by the Commanders of your Majesty's forces in Portugal, and the Commanders of the French army in Lisbon.

The circumstances attending this afflicting event cannot be contemplated in British minds without the most painful emotions, and all ranks of your Majesty's subjects seem to have felt the utmost concern and indignation at a Treaty so humiliating and degrading to this country and its allies. After a signal victory gained by the valour and discipline of British troops, by which the enemy appears to have been cut off from all means of succour or escape, we have the sad mortification of seeing the laurels so nobly acquired torn from the brows of our brave soldiers, and terms granted to the enemy disgraceful to the British name, and injurious to the best interests of the British nation.

Besides the restitution of the Russian fleet upon a definitive treaty of peace with that power, and the sending back to their country, without exchange, so large a number of Russian sailors; by this ignominious Convention, British fleets are to convey to France the French army and its plunder, where they will be at liberty immediately to recommence their active operations against us, or our allies. The guarantee and safe-conveyance of their plunder cannot but prove highly irritating to the pillaged inhabitants, over whom they have tyrannized, and for whose deliverance and protection the British army was sent: and the full recognition of the title and dignity of the Emperor of France, while all mention of the government of Portugal is omitted, must be considered as highly disrespectful to the legitimate authority of that country.

We therefore humbly pray your Majesty, in justice to the outraged feelings of a brave, injured, and indignant people, whose blood and treasure have been thus expended, as well as to retrieve the wounded honour of the country, and to remove from its character so foul a stain in the eyes of Europe, that your Majesty will be graciously pleased, immediately to institute such an inquiry into this dis-

honourable and unprecedented transaction, as will lead to the discovery and punishment of those, by whose misconduct and incapacity, the cause of the Country and its Allies has been so shamefully sacrificed.

We beg to assure your Majesty of our unalterable fidelity, and earnest desire to co-operate in every measure conducive to the peace, honour, and security of your Majesty's dominions.

To which his Majesty returned the following Answer:—

I am fully sensible of your loyalty and attachment to my person and government. I give credit to the motives which have dictated your Petition and Address, but I must remind you, that it is inconsistent with the principles of British justice, to pronounce judgment without previous investigation. I should have hoped that recent occurrences would have convinced you, that I am at all times ready to institute enquiries on occasions, in which the character of the country, or the honor of my arms, is concerned; and that the interposition of the City of London could not be necessary for inducing me to direct due enquiry to be made into a transaction, which has disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation.

The Deputies, after hearing this reply, advanced in the usual manner to have the honour of kissing the King's hand; which was extended to the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Sheriffs; but when the Common Councilmen advanced, his Majesty withdrew his hand.

The above reply, which must be considered as by the advice of his Majesty's Ministers, affords a convincing proof, that fawning and adulatory addresses of congratulation are better received at Court than constitutional advice and petitions; for what have the people to do with the success or ill success of expeditions? It is sufficient for them to furnish men and money!!

It was a singular coincidence, that while the Mayor and Common Council were presenting their address, Sir Arthur Wellesley entered the levee-room, where his Majesty received him very graciously, and conversed with him a considerable time.

[On Thursday, October 20th, a numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster took place, when an Address, similar to the above, was proposed and unanimously adopted; the fate of which we shall not fail to record.]

THEATRES.—In the account given of the play-houses that have been burnt in London, the three following were omitted, viz. the Globe theatre, on the Bankside, Southwark, was burnt down during the performance of Shakspeare's play of King Henry the Eighth, about two years before the death of Shakspeare, June 29, 1613. This theatre was opposite Friday-street, Cheapside, on the southern side of the Thames. The performances began at three o'clock in the afternoon.—The Fortune, which is said to be the oldest theatre in London, was rebuilt by Edward Alleyn, the celebrated player, in 1599. This playhouse was situated in Playhouse-yard, Whitecross-street, and was destroyed by fire in 1621, five years before the death of Edward Alleyn, who founded "God's Gift College, Dulwich."—The Cockpit, or Phœnix theatre, opposite the Castle tavern, in Drury-lane, was not burnt; it was pulled down by a mob in 1617. It was rebuilt, and was standing after the Restoration.—Would it not be much more laudable in the present day, with such an increased population in the metropolis, to licence regular theatres in different parts of the town, rather than suffer a monopoly of an enlightened entertainment to two preposterously large buildings so near to each other; as a competition would thus be kept up both in authors and actors, favourable to the extension and recompense of genius?

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—The following letter appeared in the Sierra Leone Gazette, March 1808:—

"*To the Editor of the Sierra Leone Gazette.*

"Permit me to send you the following facts for your insertion, which will tend to shew in what manner some of the natives of this country are disposed to view the abolition of the slave trade.

"Since the abolition of the slave

trade was made known in the neighbourhood of Goree, a quarrel took place between the King of Damel and the Maraboos. After several skirmishes the Maraboos drove them back, and carried away with them from 500 to 1000 head of cattle; saying, that as there was no sale for slaves, they would not take their people, but as cattle could be turned to advantage, they would take them.

"I had some conversation with a man who took an active part against the King of Damel: he assured me that the natives in their neighbourhood had no intention of taking any more prisoners, as they would not sell; but that the idea that those who might unavoidably be taken would be put to death was quite erroneous.

"Mamadoo Saani, a powerful and intelligent chief, on the river Gambia, told me, that he regretted the abolition himself, as being the means of depriving him of some considerable emoluments; but that he believed, generally speaking, it would be of great service to the country. One very strong reason he gave was, that the want of confidence in each other, occasioned by the fear of kidnapping, or otherwise making slaves, obliged the natives to be constantly armed, and every man to suspect his brother; but, since the abolition, they had already begun to lay aside their guns when they went out; and he had no doubt, but in a short time they would clear away the woods from about their towns that were then built; and that in building new ones, they would have them in more exposed situations; and that he himself had altered his mind as to the place he had chosen to build a town on, determining now to build it on the banks of the river, and cut down all the woods near him; and that he intended, as he knew many other natives did, to attend as much as possible to cultivation, particularly cotton, which grows there in great abundance."

AEROSTATION.——M. Augustin, who, in May last, undertook his twelfth aerial voyage at Amsterdam, has recently made public some very interesting circumstances which attended his ascension. He states, that after gaining an elevation of 16,000 feet, at half past three *p. m.* the weather being cloudy, he found himself enveloped in total darkness. At this time he heard the small balloons that were fastened to the large one, sometimes clattering against each other, as far as their situation allowed. He was himself nearly overcome with cold and fear; but having recovered the use of his faculties, by smelling to some strong volatile salts, he threw out a bag of ballast, and rose into a lighter region, where he found himself, as well as the balloon, entirely covered with snow. This phenomenon M. Augustin attributes to the gilt stars, ornaments, and letters, attached to the balloon, which had attracted a great quantity of electric vapours, and thus exposed him to the most imminent danger. Soon after he descended, in the vicinity of Thienhoven. He calculates his greatest elevation at 20,532 feet, and the distance he had travelled, about sixty-six miles.

Accounts have been received from Africa, dated August 20, by Mr. James G. Jackson, Professor of the Arabic and African languages, by a caravan, which performed the journey across the desart, or Sahara, from Timbuctoo, to Morocco, in one hundred and five days, by which it appears, that Mr. Parke's interpreter to the Sultan of Soudan, arrived there with the caravan, but neither he nor any other person knew any thing certain in confirmation of Mr. Parke's death. The Tuarick and Brabéeth Arabs had committed depredations in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo. Four hundred load of gum Soudan had arrived at Mogador, from the emporium of central Africa, besides a large quantity of gold dust, ivory, &c. The only circumstance that affords a colour of probability to the report of Mr. Parke's death is, that some time since a fort on the river Niger had been stormed, and all the christians found there had been put to death; but it is pretty well ascertained that Mr. Parke was not at that time in the neighbourhood of the Niger.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.] Lord C. Bentinck, son to the Duke of Portland, to the Hon. Miss Seymour. Immediately after the ceremony his Lordship received orders

to join his regiment, going on foreign service, and set off for Falmouth accordingly.

R. P. Milnes, Esq. M. P. for Pontefract, to the Hon. H. M. Monckton, second daughter of Viscount Galway.

The Hon. Robert Curzon, son of Viscount Curzon, to Miss Bisshopp, daughter of Sir C. Bisshopp.

Mr. Blanchard, of the late Covent-Garden Theatre, to Miss Harrold, daughter of Mr. Harrold, of the Wrekin Tavern, Broad-court.

Wm. A'Court, Esq. eldest son of Sir W. A'Court, Bart. to Miss Maria Bouverie, second daughter of Lady Bridget Bouverie.

J. K. Douglas, Esq. second son of Brigadier-Gen. Douglas, to Isabella Maria, eldest daughter of T. Willan, Esq. Farmington, Gloucestershire.

Died.] The Right Hon. Lady Alice Vernon, Countess of Shipbrooke, aged 78.

Lady Caroline Gore, daughter of the Earl of Arran, aged 18.

Dowager Lady Middleton.

At West Ham, James Anderson, LL.D. of Mounie, in the county of Aberdeen, a man distinguished for the variety and depth of his literary attainments, author of several works on agriculture, political economy, &c.

At his house, in Mildred's-court, Poultry, Wm. Storrs Fry, banker, one of the society called Quakers.

Mrs. Fox, wife of the Right Hon. Gen. H. E. Fox.

In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Mrs. Gower, wife of G. L. Gower, Esq.

In the Fleet prison, Mr. Dickie, late a stationer in the Strand, who had suffered many years' imprisonment for his inability to pay a heavy fine (700*l.*) imposed upon him, in consequence of having spoken *disrespectful*, or libellous words, of Aris, the Governor of that most *unconstitutional* prison in Coldbath-fields, commonly called the Bastile. His death had been for some time unquestionably expected; and it is said, that a few days before that event took place, but in expectation of it, an offer had been made for a *compromise* of the fine. In the whole of this procedure, many remarks, most likely very ill-founded, have been made on the conduct of the keeper of that pile of dungeons; but that person is indisputably "a man acting under authority;" and we could never suppose *him* so divested of humanity, as may perhaps be the case of some professors of Christianity! — Mr. Dickie has left a widow and four children.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

PORTUGAL.

PROCLAMATION, *by Lieut.-General Hope, commanding the troops of his Britannic Majesty, for the immediate security and tranquillity of Lisbon.*

Inhabitants of Lisbon,

Your country is rescued, and you are restored to freedom: your national flag is flying in every quarter of the kingdom, and his Excellency the General in Chief of the British army is anxious to establish your civil government upon the same footing in which it was left by your beloved prince, when, assisted by the constant friends of his person and his throne, he escaped from his most insidious enemies. Without losing a moment, we are endeavouring to effect this measure, and to substitute a civil government to the military; to accomplish which, however, some days will be requisite. In order, then, that the evil disposed (if such there be) may not convert true liberty to unbridled licentiousness, and in order to avoid, in the present crisis, the terrible consequences of such disorder, it belongs to the commander in chief, and to those to whom he has immediately delegated the superintendance of the public tranquillity of this city, to watch with all vigilance over its peace and quiet, and to give security to the persons and property of its loyal and worthy inhabitants. To obtain this desirable end it will be necessary, for a short time, to maintain strong guards, piquets, and patroles, in various directions, in order to seize and take into custody every person who shall attempt to disturb the public peace.

You may rejoice, inhabitants of Lisbon! You have great cause for gladness; and your English friends, participating in your sentiments, rejoice equally with you. Never let it be permitted, however, that the evil-disposed should thereby have an opportunity of promoting insurrection or confusion. But let them beware of

such a design! The most vigorous and effective means are prepared for suppressing any attempt of this nature, and all who may be guilty shall be punished according to military law in the most prompt, rigorous, and exemplary manner; and for the purpose of removing every temptation to interrupt the peace of the city, I prohibit, under the present circumstances, the entering the city with arms, and the wearing them in the streets. All inns and taverns where wine or spirituous liquors are sold in small quantities, are, for the same reason, required to be shut up at six in the evening, and not to open before sun-rise, under the pain of imprisonment to the dealers, and forfeiture of their liquors.

Finally, I invite all persons who possess any authority or influence whatever, and whether included or not in the body of the magistracy, and more particularly the holy ministers of religion, to assist the military power in preserving the tranquillity of the capital, until the much wished for object of seeing the constituted civil authorities in the exercise of their functions be obtained.—God save the Prince Regent! Viva! Viva!

J. HOPE, Lieut.-Gen.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

A MOST numerous and respectable meeting of the Nobility, Clergy, and Freeholders of this County, was lately held at Reading, for the purpose of taking into consideration the terms of the late Convention in Portugal.—After the usual form of opening the Court, it was moved and seconded, "That an humble and dutiful Address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he may be graciously pleased to order than an inquiry should be instituted with respect to the cause of the late disgraceful Convention in Portugal; and also beseeching his Majesty that he may be graciously pleased to order that such steps may be taken, as will ensure the punishment of the guilty person or persons in this disgraceful transaction, however high his rank in society may be."

This was supported by G. Mitford, Esq. Lord Folkstone, Dr. Valpy, and several other gentlemen. It was opposed by Serjeant Shepherd, the Rev. Mr. Nares, and some others. The opposition rested on the idea that judgment would by this motion be pronounced before trial; and also on the principle of its being improper to offend the Royal ear, by a subject presuming to give his advice in a manner which was known to be contrary to the declared sentiments of the Royal mind.

In reply to both these points, it was argued by the Gentlemen who signed the requisition, that no individual was implicated, either by the words or tenor of the motion; it pointedly, no doubt, censured the thing; but it, at the same time, called for inquiry as to who may be the guilty person, and expressed the anxious hope of the Freeholders, that exemplary punishment may follow his trial and conviction. With respect to the second point which had been advanced by some of the opposers of the motion, it had been so repeatedly urged, and refuted in the most able manner, that it was thought hardly worth a comment; it was a fact which was notorious to every Englishman who ever consulted a page of his own history, that, however correct the motives of the gentlemen who opposed the present motion might possibly be, and most probably were, yet it was a most unquestionable fact, that the "danger of offending the Royal ear" has been urged by the most abject slaves, and time-serving sycophants, in the worst periods of our history.

The motion was then put, and carried by a large majority.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] At Stony Stratford, in his 96th year, James Richardson, (usually called *Old Jemmy*) a huntsman, and many years landlord of the Fighting Cocks public-house. It is supposed that he had not been sober a whole day during the last 40 years of his life.

CHESHIRE.

At the late Chester fair, fine Irish linens sold as usual, but low-priced goods were about 2d. per yard higher.

Muslins and Manchester goods were on the advance, as were woollens. Leather maintained its last price. Old hops sold from 60s. to 78s. and new ones from 84s. to 90s. There were very few buyers of any description.

CUMBERLAND.

The Earl of Lonsdale has signified his intention of enfranchising his numerous copyholders throughout this county and Westmoreland, by which popular measure he will be enabled to inclose more than 20,000 acres of valuable land in those counties, at this time in a profitless state in commonage.

DEVONSHIRE.

A numerous and respectable meeting was lately held at the hotel in Exeter, of the friends of a new institution, to be called the West of England Infirmary, for curing diseases of the eye only. Colonel Bastard, one of the members for the county, having taken the chair, the subject was introduced by S. F. Milford, Esq. in a very judicious and argumentative speech. He began with observing that the distress and misery which arise from the human frame had been in all ages a subject of lamentation; and that every being that was called into existence contributed his portion of testimony to the justness of the complaint. We were met together this day with a view to found one establishment more for the reduction of the mass of human sufferings. He explained the expediency of the institution now proposed, and pointed out the advantages society would derive from it. Among other reasons which induced him strongly to recommend it, he stated, it was too well known to be argued, that particular and exclusive attention to any one subject has ever been found the means of attaining the most correct knowledge of that subject, and of applying it with the greatest skill. This observation, he said, is particularly applicable to the cure of diseases of the eye (now so prevalent) on account of the delicate structure of that organ, the intricacy and number of its diseases, and the habitual dexterity requisite in the operations. Under this conviction, the most eminent surgeons of some of the principal hospitals in London, have acknowledged the inadequacy of general infirmaries for curing this class of diseases, and now subscribe towards the support of two establishments in the metropolis, similar to that which he was about to propose. Those had proved in the highest degree beneficial to the public, beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, as appeared by the printed reports now on the table. He was, therefore, not bringing forward an untried, experimental scheme, but a plan founded on the test of experience, and the evidence of facts; after stating several other cogent arguments, he ended by observing, no one was better acquainted than himself with the enlightened public spirit and benevolence of the inhabitants of this part of the kingdom. He, therefore, felt confident that the proposed institution would be adopted with alacrity, and supported with liberality. At all events he should have done his duty when he had moved the resolutions, which he accordingly did, and which were agreed to unanimously. A very handsome subscription was immediately made.

Died.] At his cottage, on the river Ex, John Sheldon, Esq. F.R.S. Lecturer on Anatomy at the Royal Academy, principal surgeon of Exeter hospital, &c. His disconsolate widow, (whose conduct through his tedious illness, and in every other instance of attention to him, has been uniformly amiable and exemplary) his large circle of friends and well-wishers, will long regret the loss of this gentleman, who, either as a husband or friend, a subject or man, never for a moment neglected any one of the moral duties. Mr. Sheldon, when he lectured at the Royal Academy two years ago, caught a violent cold in his journey, which brought on a severe rheumatic complaint, that prevented him from attending at Somerset-house last year. Of this he had pretty well recovered, and was preparing for his lectures in the next month, when he was seized by a confluent fever, which has lately raged in Exeter; a partial paralysis succeeded, and he died at length with water in the chest.

DORSETSHIRE.

An equestrian figure of his Majesty has lately been formed in chalk on Osmington hills, the property of Mr.

Wood, opposite the bay of Weymouth. Although its length is 280, and its height 320 feet, yet the likeness of the king is well preserved, and the symmetry of the horse is complete. It forms a novel and pleasing object to the pedestrians on the Esplanade, but more especially to those who are fond of water excursions, as from the bay its view is more complete. It has been carried into effect under the direction of Mr. Wood, bookseller, at the particular request and sole expense of John Rainier, Esq. brother to the late admiral.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At the venerable age of 98, the Rev. John Longdon, rector of Winstone, and perpetual curate of Barnwood and Flaxley, in this county. He had constantly resided at the first mentioned parish sixty-six years, and assiduously performed the duties of it till prevented by infirmity. The powers of a well-informed mind and a retentive memory were displayed in his latest conversation with his friends. Though not afflicted with any previous severe illness, he was for some time sensible of his approaching dissolution, and met it with the pious fortitude of those "who die in the Lord."

HAMPSHIRE.

The Petition of the city of Winchester to his Majesty, respecting the late Convention in Portugal, is couched in very respectful language. After praying that an inquiry may be instituted, it says,—"But as we do not presume to anticipate conviction, if, upon mature investigation, it shall be found that your commanders were compelled by insurmountable obstacles to conclude such a treaty, justice demands that they should be reinstated in the good opinion of their country; but on the other hand, if they were actuated by any thing less than imperious necessity, we are fully persuaded, from the interest which your Majesty must ever feel in the fair fame and honour of your kingdom, that they will experience such marks of your royal displeasure as may prove a severe example to others, and deter them from tarnishing in the cabinet the glory acquired in the field."

The new gaol and town-hall at Portsmouth are quite finished. The last quarter sessions were held in the latter; when the Recorder opened the business of the sessions, by addressing the grand jury on the completion of the new gaol and town-hall. He congratulated them, and the town at large, on this desirable object being attained: the business that may come before the court will be got through with more convenience and facility, and what is more important, the confinement of the prisoners will be suitable to the nature of their crimes: the debtor will not now be put into the same apartment as the prisoner who has committed a misdemeanor; nor prisoners of this class, with the often more depraved part of mankind, called felons. And, however individuals may feel on contributing to pay the expense of the building, he was sure, on examining the arrangements, and what may be called the comforts of the prison, they would feel the most satisfactory pleasure. He adverted to the abilities and exertions of Mr. Goldson, under whose more immediate direction the gaol was built; and to the share which Sir John Carter took in it, whom, he said, we all lamented was not present to witness its completion. With evident feelings of regret, he said, he was sure, that whoever followed his footsteps as a magistrate, would be in the path of honour and of usefulness.—Mr. Missing also took occasion to address the petty jury, as the first barrister who had the honour to address a jury in that court, on the attention which had been shewn for the convenience of the gentlemen of the law, which, he said, he should be wanting in gratitude, in his official character, if he did not notice. The hall is spacious, commodious, and most appropriately fitted up. The departments of the prison are calculated to punish and reform delinquents.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Hampton Court, in this county, the estate of the Earl of Essex, was sold by auction at Garraway's, by Mr. Squibb. It was knocked down at the sum of 64,000*l.*

HERTFORDSHIRE.

A native Moonshi, named Monlave Meer Abdon Ali, has been appointed

Persian Preceptor at the India Company's College at Hertford, with a salary of 600*l* a year.

A curious piece of antiquity has lately been discovered in the churchyard of Hemel Hempstead. In digging a vault for a young lady of the name of Warren, the sexton, when he had excavated the earth about four feet below the surface of the ground, found his spade to strike against something solid, which, upon inspection, he found to be a large wrought stone, which proved to be the lid of a coffin, and under it the coffin entire, curiously carved, and altogether *unique* of the kind, which was afterwards taken up in perfect condition; but the bones contained therein, on being exposed to the air, crumbled to dust. On the lid of the coffin, which is about 6½ feet long, and contains a niche or resting place for the head, and also a groove on each side for the arms, is an inscription, partly effaced by time, but still sufficiently legible, decidedly to prove it contained the ashes of the celebrated Offa, King of the Mercians, who rebuilt the abbey of St. Alban's, to atone for the unprovoked murder of St. Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, whom he had invited to his court to be his son-in-law. Of this once magnificent abbey, however, "whose abbot was dignified with a mitre, and had precedence of all others in England; who was subject to no other power, but immediately to the Pope; and who had episcopal jurisdiction over both clergy and laity, in all the possessions belonging to the monastery;" not a vestige is left except the gateway, a large square building with a fine spacious pointed arch; and the church, in which is a monument of Offa, who is represented seated on his throne, with a Latin inscription, thus translated:

"The founder of the church, about the year 793,
Whom you behold ill painted on his throne
Sublime, was once for Mercian Offa known."

The Watling-street road runs within a mile of Hemel Hempstead, and many Roman coins have lately been found in the vicinity, particularly while digging for the Grand Junction Canal.

KENT.

Died.] At Hothfield, near Ashford, aged 94, Mr. T. West, paper-maker, and one of the oldest jockies in England.

LANCASHIRE.

A very singular and highly-interesting experiment to the public, is trying by Mr. Rigby, who resides near Lancaster: — He got in an early crop of barley this summer; which, from its sowing to getting in, was only seven weeks. He ploughed the land on which it grew with all possible speed, and then sowed the same with barley again; and it had, within these few days, the appearance of a very excellent crop.

Lusus Naturæ. — A mushroom of extraordinary size, was lately found growing in the King's Tobacco Warehouse in Liverpool. Its dimensions and weight are as under:

Circumference of the top	26 inches
Diameter of ditto	10¾
Circumference of the stalk	10½
Length of ditto	8¾
Weight	2 *lb.*

Died.] At Blackpool, Mrs. Jemima Wilkinson, aged 106; her residence was a miserable clay-built hut, near the sea-side, scarcely large enough to admit the length of the human form.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

At the late meeting of the Leicestershire and Rutlandshire Agricultural Society, several samples of wool from crosses with the Merino breed were produced; one in particular from a new Leicester ewe and Merino ram, for the wool of which, if produced in any quantity, several eminent manufacturers, it was stated, had offered double the usual price of Leicester wool.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Wyham, near Louth, aged 48, John Grant, Esq. one of the most considerable farmers and graziers in this county, having in occupation at the time of his death nearly ten thousand acres of land.

NORFOLK.

On Wednesday, September 28th, Shelford Bidwell, Esq. was elected Mayor of the borough of Thetford; on which occasion the usual entertainment to the Corporation and most respectable inhabitants was given; the sources from whence it was (as usual)

derived, are not unworthy of record: —The roast beef is provided by the Town Clerk; the boiled beef by the Tenant of the Tolls of the Navigation; the geese by the Tenant of the Bridge Tolls; the game and wine is provided by the Mayor Elect; and the Keeper of the Tavern adjacent to the Guild-hall, finds the plum puddings. As this is an immemorial custom in the above very *ancient* borough, may it not have been the origin of the present fashionable *Pic Nics?*

The inconvenience experienced by both buyers and sellers, from the intermixture of fish, flesh, poultry, &c. has induced the Market Committee to divide the market of Norwich into seven divisions, for the sale of the different commodities, leaving passage-ways between each, which must prove a great convenience to the inhabitants.

The Church at Bracon Ash, which has been shut up a considerable time, undergoing extensive repairs and improvements, was opened for the performance of divine service on Sunday, August 28th. The Rev. Dr. Bathurst, the Lord Bishop of the diocese, with that sedulous care which ever distinguishes him in the discharge of all the sacred duties of his exalted station, attended at the church, before whom the Rev. J. S. Makenzie, the Rector, preached an excellent and appropriate sermon, from the 84th Psalm, v. 1, 2. "O! how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord God of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the Courts of the Lord."—After the sermon, the Lord Bishop most impressively pronounced the blessing on the congregation assembled, which was very numerous.

At St. Faith's fair, on the 17th and 18th instant, the shew of cattle, both Scots and Home-breds, was not so large as last year—those in good condition fetched great prices—some so high as 7s. per stone. Good horses, of which there were but few, sold readily and very dear; those of the indifferent sort hardly found buyers at any rate.—The quantity of cheese and butter on sale was extremely small—the prices were, for one-meal cheese from 7l. 7s. to 8l. per whey—household 70s. per ditto. Butter, in firkins, from 66s. to 68s.—half ditto 35s.

A melancholy accident happened at Yarmouth from the upseting of the boat of his Majesty's sloop Chanticleer, by which Capt. Richard Harford; Mr. John Poor, midshipman; Thomas Carey, captain's coxswain; and James Lowe, a seaman, (all of that sloop) were drowned. Capt. Harford was a very fine young man, and an able officer, and belonged to the respectable family of that name at Bristol, who will, no doubt, severely feel his loss.

Died.] In the 60th year of his age, Mr. William Downes, a most respectable surgeon, of Great Yarmouth, whose loss will be greatly lamented by his profession, and all descriptions of people in that town and neighbourhood. He has left donations of 200*l.* to each of the three following charitable institutions:—The Norfolk and Norwich Benevolent Medical Society—The Charity for the Relief of the Widows and Children of Clergymen in Norfolk—The Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The plan for county asylums for lunatics, in pursuance of the excellent act proposed by Mr. C. Wynne, is generally adopting throughout the kingdom. At Nottingham the ceremony of opening the asylum was conducted with extraordinary solemnity, and, in the evening, the president, governors, &c. of the hospital, were most splendidly entertained by Earl Manners, at Thurland-hall.

SHROPSHIRE.

The company of proprietors of the Ellesmere canal intend to apply to parliament the ensuing session, for an act to extend the said canal from the Whitchurch Branch, at a certain place, known by the name of Sherryman's Bridge, in Whitchurch, in this county, to or near the Castle Well, in Whitchurch; which extension is proposed to be made in the parish of Whitchurch aforesaid, and in the several townships of Whitchurch and Dodington, and for making a road from Sherryman's Bridge, on the western side of the proposed extension of the said canal to the termination thereof at the Castle Well, and for further amending and altering the several acts passed relative to the making of the said canal.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Bedminster, James How, of Othery, aged 78, to Martha Wilcox, of Bath, aged 22. The bride instantly became a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother to a numerous progeny.

Died.] At West Camel, greatly lamented, John White Parsons, Esq. many years an active member of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Ann Moor, a poor woman of Tutbury, has lived upwards of fourteen months without food! The testimony of the woman herself was of course discredited, and she consented to be removed to a neighbour's house, to be watched for any length of time that was deemed sufficient to give a colour of truth to her report. This was accordingly done, and she was *constantly watched for seventeen days and nights*, and regularly visited by three surgeons once or twice a day. Till the end of fourteen days she did not even drink any water, which she had been accustomed to do in very small quantities, when she felt a nausea at her stomach. She now finds that this is removed by wetting her tongue with damp cloths, by which she escapes the pain of swallowing as before, which was very considerable. During the length of time of the above fourteen months' abstinence, water and tea, without either milk or sugar, had been her only beverage. She has been in bed the whole of the time. Her pulse is very little under the standard of good health, but, as may be expected, her frame is excessively reduced.—As this extraordinary woman is still living, we recommend her case to the attention of the Faculty, and doubt not that they will consider her as a subject deserving of very minute consideration.

SUFFOLK.

Some woodcocks have already made their appearance in this county, which, at so early a period, is generally considered as indicative of a severe winter. Mr. Harman, near Blythburgh, shot three brace there early this month: they are supposed to be the first birds of that kind killed this season in any part of the island.

Died.] On the 28th of August, at Berlin, in Connecticut, (America), in consequence of a fall down stairs two days before, Mrs. Johns, wife of the Rev. Mr. Johns, formerly a dissenting minister of Bury St. Edmunds, and second daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Harmer, of Wattisfield.

Aged 54, Thomas Dickonson, Esq. an Assistant Magistrate, one of the Burgesses of the Corporation, and an eminent attorney of Bury. He was no less distinguished for his ability as a lawyer than for the uprightness of his character as a man. Though a bachelor, he possessed the tender affections of a parent towards his relative connections, who deeply regret his irreparable loss; and for the warmth, sincerity, and disinterestedness of his friendship, he had few equals. His liberality and candour gained him the esteem of all classes of society, by whom his worth is duly appreciated, and most deservedly lamented.

Mrs. Ann Barry, a maiden lady of Syleham.—She was seized with an apoplectic fit whilst in her carriage going out to dinner; and, on calling upon a friend at Harleston, was found lying at the bottom thereof, and survived little more than an hour. She was a lady of a most benevolent disposition, whose loss will be deeply regretted in the neighbourhood of her late residence.

SURRY.

The inhabitants of Richmond have petitioned the Lord Mayor, as Conservator of the Thames, to prevent fishermen from dragging with nets, in future, above Richmond Bridge. The object they have in view is to preserve the small fish for the anglers, who are induced to visit Richmond in pursuit of their favourite amusement.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Westham, after an uninterrupted courtship of more than twenty years, the Rev. John Preston, curate of that parish, to Miss Ann Bristow, aged seventy-four years. After the celebration of their nuptials, the happy and tender pair immediately set off for Priesthaws, there to participate in all the pleasurable enjoyments of the honey moon.

YORKSHIRE.

September 30th, an address to his Majesty, congratulating him on the late events in Spain, was resolved

upon by the inhabitants of Sheffield. As an amendment, Lieut.-Col. Leader proposed an additional clause, expressing surprise and regret that our brave soldiers in Portugal, after having vanquished the enemy in the field, should have been compelled to witness the convention acceded to by their officers, which no circumstances yet known could justify; which was voted by a great majority.

LEEDS, *October* 22.

Extraordinary Occurrence.—An artful and villainous plot, accompanied by the most unprecedented instances of credulity that ever engaged public attention, was yesterday developed before the Magistrates, at the Rotation Office in this town. The parties were Mary Bateman, of Campfield, near this town, and William Perigo and his wife, of Bramley. It appeared that in August 1806, an application was made to this woman by Perigo, to cure his wife of some complaint. Mary declined to undertake the cure herself; but said, that she had a friend at Scarborough, a Miss Blyth, who could "read the stars," and collect from them the knowledge requisite to remove all corporeal and mental maladies; and, as a preliminary step, required that Perigo's wife should send her flannel petticoat to Miss Blyth, in order that she might from that article of dress collect a knowledge of her disorder. The petticoat was sent, and a propitious answer returned, wherein it was required, that the medium, Mary Bateman, through whom all communication between the astrologer and the patient was to be made, should have four guinea notes presented to her, and she was in return to give Perigo four other guinea notes, inclosed in a small bag, into which, if either his own curiosity, or the still stronger curiosity of his wife, should induce them to look, the charm would be broken, and sudden death would be the consequence. Soon afterwards a letter arrived from Scarbro', directing that another guinea should be paid into her hands. Similar requests were repeated and complied with, till forty guineas had been thus extorted from these infatuated people, under a promise, however, that they should, by and bye, be allowed to open the bags; and these bags, they were told, would be found to contain all the money they had advanced.

After about six months had expired, Perigo was desired to buy a new bed, with all the necessary appendages, and send it to Mary Bateman, through whose hands it was to be transmitted to the nymph of Scarbro'. The bed, &c. which cost eight pounds, were bought, and notes to the amount of thirty pounds more, paid at various times into the hands of the impostor. A set of china was also furnished to her.

Perigo and his wife, thus drained of all the money they had in the world, and all the sums their former good credit had enabled them to raise, and the wife's health still growing worse rather than better, became impatient to look into the mysterious bags, and extract from them the wealth they contained. Mrs. Bateman then received, as she said, a packet from Scarbro'; this packet contained a powerful charm, which was to be mixed up in a pudding, to be prepared for the purpose, and of which Perigo and his wife were to eat; but on no account to allow any person to partake with them. The husband ate sparingly—he did not like the taste; but his ill-fated wife, less scrupulous, ate freely. They both became sick almost immediately, and continued in the most deplorable situation for 24 hours: the wife lost the use of her limbs, and, after languishing five days, died on the 24th May, 1807, a victim of credulity. Perigo recovered partially; but from that time to the present he never had the perfect use of his limbs. Part of the pudding was, by way of experiment, given to a cat, and it died; some fowls also picked up other parts of it, and shared the same fate. Contrary to the directions of Mary Bateman, Perigo applied to a surgeon in this town for advice, and was told by him that he had taken poison, but fortunately not in a quantity sufficiently large to occasion his death.

From the death of his wife till last Wednesday, the charm continued to operate on the husband. At one time he went to Manchester by the direction of this Jezabel; at another he

sent her one of his wife's gowns; again she contrived to coax or frighten him out of another gown, a petticoat, and the family Bible! And, last of all, she demanded from him half a bushel of wheat, with three 7s. pieces inclosed. His creditors at length became impatient; and the hope of getting any part of his property back failing, he determined to brave all danger and look into the mysterious bags:—But what must have been his surprise and vexation to find that the contents of these bags were not worth one penny, and to find himself a pauper—without property, and with a ruined constitution.

The bubble now burst; and he laid his hopeless case before some of his neighbours; by their direction Mary Bateman was apprehended; when brought before the Magistrates, she in part confessed her delinquency, and admitted that there was no such person as Miss Blyth in existence, but that the whole was a mere phantom, conjured up to forward her vile purposes. The Magistrates have committed the offender to the House of Correction, but whether to be tried for swindling practices, or to be removed from thence to the county gaol, to take her trial for wilful murder, is not yet known.

On searching the house of this woman (who has a husband and several children), the bed, and some other articles, the property of Wm. Perigo, amounting in value to about ten or twelve pounds, were found, and will be restored to the owner.

It is worthy of observation, that Mary Bateman is the person whose hen laid an egg about two years ago, at the Bank in this town, bearing this marvellous inscription,—"*Christ is coming.*"—*(Leeds Mercury, Oct. 22.)*

SCOTLAND.

Extraordinary instance of mechanical expertness of a person accidentally deprived of sight.—It has been often contended, that the dumb are less happy than the blind. However this may be, certain it is, that privation of sight does not cramp the mental powers. Homer, Milton, and Ossian, all of whom were blind when they composed their inimitable poems, are instances of wonderful mental excellence; and the following instance of ingenuity in a blind tailor is no less wonderful than true.—The late family tailor of Mr. Macdonald, of Clanronald, in South Uist, Inverness-shire, lost his sight fifteen years before his death; yet he still continued to work for the family as before; not indeed with the same expedition, but with equal correctness. It is well known how difficult it is to make a Tartan dress, because every stripe and colour (of which there are many) must fit each other with mathematical exactness: hence it is that very few tailors, who enjoy their sight, are capable of executing this task. Blind Macquarrie having received orders to make for Mr. Macdonald a complete suit of Tartan, within a given time, proceeded to work without delay. It so happened that Mr. Macdonald passed at a late hour at night through the room where the blind tailor was working, and hearing some low singing, he asked, who was there? to which the poor blind tailor answered. "I am here, working at your honour's hose!" "How," says the gentleman, forgetting that he was blind, "can you work without a candle?" "O! please your honour," rejoined the tailor, "midnight darkness is as clear to me as noonday." In fact, by the sense of touch only, he was enabled to distinguish all the different colours in the Tartan.

Melancholy Shipwreck.—A wherry, belonging to Mr. Macdonald, of Brabranald, manned with four men, and which had a cargo of cattle on board, sailed from North Uist, for the island of Huskar, which is the only island between the north of Scotland and America, in that direction. When the vessel sailed, the day was moderate and the wind fair; but when within two leagues of Huskar, the wind became contrary, and very tempestuous: the consequence was that the vessel foundered on a ridge of rocks, which jutted out from the main island. Three of the hands perished, as did all the cattle, except one cow, which, together with the fourth man, succeeded in scrambling up to the top of this rocky island. In this dismal situation,

the man along with his brute companion remained for three days without any prospect of relief. On the fourth day the cow dropped down dead. In the interim, to preserve existence as long as possible, the man opened a vein in the cow, and frequently sucked her blood. This source of existence being cut off, he afterwards cut out the tongue of the dead animal, and mincing it down very small, he supported existence till the fifth day; on which, to his great joy, he espied an open fishing boat in the channel, and hoisted, with all his remaining strength, his shirt as a signal of distress; the boat came and rescued him from his perilous situation.

Another comet has been seen at Edinburgh. Its great distance prevents its nucleus from being distinctly ascertained as to magnitude. It may be seen with the naked eye every night after 7 o'clock. Its northern declination is about 53. 31, right ascension 352. 30.; it passes that meridian 30 minutes after 12 P.M. its nucleus appears circular.

A melancholy event, arising from an apparently trivial cause, occurred last week at Alves, in Morayshire. Joseph Anderson, a tenant on the Earl of Moray's estate, in reaping some corn had one of his fingers slightly wounded by a prickle, which caused an almost immediate swelling in his hand and arm, accompanied with extreme pain. A surgeon was called in: but a mortification ensued, and he expired 7 days after.

Died.] At Dunbar, Major-Gen. John Forbes, late in the service of the East-India Company.

At Glenkin, Argyleshire, aged 90, Thomas Harkness, Esq. Mr. H. was thrice married, and has left behind him 14 children, 37 grand children, 16 great grand children, in all 67 descendants now living. He had the merit of being the first who introduced the present system of sheep-grazing into Cowal. This mode of farming, with a very inconsiderable capital, enabled him to amass so ample a fortune, that by his death, five of his sons are become landed proprietors in Cowal, and a suitable provision is also left for the other members of his family.

In the village of Aberfeldie, Perthshire, John Stewart, commonly known by the name of Colonel John Stewart, at the very advanced age of 111 years. The history of this man is not a little remarkable. At the age of 18 he joined the Pretender's Banner, and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir, near Stirling, as a young piper. In the year 1745, he again took up arm in support of the pretensions of the House of Stuart, and was present in the same capacity in the battles of Falkirk, Prestonpans, and Culloden, in which last he received a severe wound in the thigh, in consequence of which he was afterwards so lame, that he made use of crutches. He was married to eight wives, by each of whom (except the last, whom he married about seven years ago, and she being 72 years old) he had several children; the number of his descendants now alive is calculated to be more than 200. By trade he was a tinker, and was famous for making Highland dirks and snuff-mulls. He retained to the last the full possession of his mental faculties, and walked to church, which is about a mile and half from his house, the Sunday before his death. The late Sir William Forbes, of Edinburgh, allowed him for many years a pension of 10*l.* per annum. It is believed that his death was more owing to excess in drinking whiskey (of which he was always rather fond), than to any natural decay.

IRELAND.

At Dublin, on the 15th instant, an Address was moved to his Majesty, on the Convention of Portugal. It expressed the sorrow of the City of Dublin, at the disgraceful terms obtained from the British Commander by the Duke D'Abrantes, and hoped that his Majesty would institute an enquiry into the causes which led to that fatal measure.

The Writs for electing a Temporal Peer of Ireland, to succeed to the vacancy made in the representation of the Peerage of Ireland, by the death of the Earl of Clanricarde, were delivered, on Monday the 24th instant,

to the several Lords now entitled to vote; the same also having been published in the London and Dublin Gazettes.

The following very extraordinary circumstance occurred at the Richmond tavern, Dawson-street, Dublin: One of the waiters, by attempting to swallow a piece of beef-steak, was almost instantly choaked. The circumstance was so sudden, and the event so melancholy, that the whole neighbourhood was immediately alarmed. Surgeon Crampton, who lives opposite the tavern, was consequently resorted to; who, on examining the body, found the vital principle completely suspended, and with great promptness and presence of mind made an incision in the windpipe, and introducing a quill, continued to inflate the lungs by blowing into them, until symptoms of returning life did not a little astonish the appalled spectators. The poor man happily is in a fair way of recovery.

A curious circumstance happened in a lane leading from Cork-street, Dublin:—An old man having died, a carpenter's boy was sent to measure him for a coffin; the limbs of the corpse being much cramped and drawn up, the boy sat on his knees in order to straighten his legs and thighs, so that he might the better take its length, when the body necessarily bouncing up, struck the carpenter; who was so much affrighted, that he leaped instantly out of a one-pair of stairs' window into the street. The circumstance very naturally occasioned much laughter in the neighbourhood.

The great annual fair of Ballinasloe commenced the 5th instant. Lord Clancarty, as usual, opened his Park at Garbally the day before, to accommodate the proprietors of sheep; a greater number appeared than for many years. On Tuesday, the 4th, 60,000 were sold in the Park, and on Wednesday, the 5th, above 20,000 in the Fair-Green; making, together, 81,174.—Not a single sheep remained unsold.

A circumstance of an unpleasant nature, and which might have terminated fatally, lately took place in the Rev. Mr. Hogan's chapel, in Limerick:—The congregation, amounting to about 2000, had assembled to celebrate the second mass, when an alarm was spread that the gallery was giving way, and the house falling in. The information was electric, and produced a scene of confusion and distress, which, as it can scarcely be imagined, cannot well be described. The first impulse, of course, was to escape at the doors; but the exertions to effect this defeated the purpose; and hundreds precipitated themselves from the windows of the galleries, a height of 20 feet, while others threw themselves into the aisle below. The windows above and below, and the doors were at length burst open, and the distracted congregation rushed in wild dismay into the street, bewildered and astonished, and incapable of answering the inquiries of the thronging multitude, who had flocked to the spot from all parts of the town. Of the immense concourse of persons thus thrown into confusion, not one was materially injured; and in about half an hour peace and order were so far restored, that the congregation returned into the chapel, and bent the knee before their merciful Protector, in humble gratitude and adoration.

Died.] In Dublin, Patrick Bride, Esq. one of the Directors of the Bank of Ireland.

At Newtonlemavaddy, county of Derry, where he was on a tour for his health, Charles Lewis, Esq. merchant, of Frederick's-place, London, in the 33d year of his age.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Madeira, Lord Claude Hamilton, second son of the Marquis of Abercorn.

At Calcutta, Captain T. Spence, late of the Diamond frigate.

A fatal accident befel the Hon. Captain Herbert, a son of the Earl of Caernarvon, and James Creed, Esq. of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge, youngest son of the late Henry Creed, Esq.—Both these Gentlemen were drowned in going ashore at Gijon, by the upsetting of a boat, belonging to the Swallow brig.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

AUGUST 21, to SEPTEMBER 24, 1808, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ALLMOND J. Picket-street, haberdasher, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Aires W. Fenchurch-street, boot-maker, (Pike, Air-street). Allinson R. and Whitaker, Lancaster, leather-dressers, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court).

Batson J. St. James's-place, tailor, (Hamilton, Tavistock-row) Bryson D. Philip's-row, New-road, statuary, (Davies, Warwick-street). Brooks M. F. Horsleydown, master-mariner, (Johnson, Charlotte-street) Blease J. Marston, Chester, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). Bell C. Penrith, Cumberland, linen-draper, (Ireland, Staple-Inn). Blundell F. F. Coleman-street, insurance-broker, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-street). Brown I. Maryport, Cumberland, brewer, (Wordsworth and Co Staple-Inn). Batley J. E. and Hinchliffe J. both of Meltham, Almondbury, York, dyers, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Barrett A. Swindon, Wilts, shopkeeper, (Austice, Temple). Bickerstaff W. Nottingham, haberdasher, (Seymour, Margaret-street).

Cranston J. Stockport, Chester, dealer, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks). Collip J. Great Portland-street, upholsterer, (Allen, Carlisle-street). Cummins J. Liverpool, shoe-maker, (Windle, John-street).

Deman T. Teddington, malster, (Baddeley, Serle-street). Davison T. Brancepeth, Durham, shopkeeper, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane).

Entwistle J. Dunnishop Factory, New Acerington, Lancaster, cotton weft-spinner, (Dixon, Nassau-street).

Furnival B. Stockport, hardwareman, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Farrar I. Croft, Lancaster, shopkeeper, (Butterfield, Coppice-row)

Gould M. Dickleburgh, Norfolk, woollen-draper, (Foster and Co. Norwich). Griffin G. Weldon, Northampton, linen-draper, (Robert and Co. Thrapston, Northampton). Gorton J. and R. Cuckney, Nottingham, merchants, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). George W. and Bennett W. Liverpool, hoop-makers, (Blakelock and Co. Temple).

Hopwood J. Manchester, joiner, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Hayward J. C. Chamber's-street, purser of the ship United Kingdom, (A. and J. Weston, Fenchurch-street). Hemingway J. Chester, printer, (Huxley, Temple) Humphreys T. Saddleworth, York, plumber, (Townsend, Staple-Inn).

Knight S. Frome-Selwood, Somerset, tailor, (Ellis, Hatton-garden).

Lupton T. Skipton, York, hardware-shopkeeper, (Swale, Great Ormond-street). Lawson H. W. Liverpool, draper, (Windle, John street). M'Lane J. Little Newport-street, wine-merchant, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street).

Moyle H. Fordingbridge, Southampton, tick-manufacturer, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court). Motteram R. Walsall, Stafford, victualler, (Turner, Bloomsbury-square).

Olivant W. and T. Manchester, cotton-manufacturers, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Ogilvie W. F. Minories, druggist, (Meredith and Co Lincoln's-Inn).

Parnall C. St. Austle, Cornwall, merchant, (Hewlett, Roll's-buildings). Peat J. Great Portland-street, wine-merchant, (Smith, Dorset-street). Pownall G. Holywell, Flint, currier, (Rhodes and Co. London).

Rayner J. Thirsk, York, druggist, (Druce, Billiter-square).

Silverlock H. Havant, Southampton, linen-draper, (Bromley and Co. Gray's-Inn).

Testolini G. Cornhill, printseller, (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square).

Weston J. Pall-Mall, vintner, (Scott and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Watts J. Whitecross-street, grocer, (Michell, Union-court). Wells W. Boston, Lincoln, grocer, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Wossington J. Brightelmstone, grocer, (Alcock and Co. York-street). Wardell J. King's-Lynn, Norfolk, grocer, (Dawes, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street). Worrall C. Manchester, innkeeper, (Huxley, Temple). Williams T. Caerphilly, Glamorgan, woolmanufacturer, (Price and Co Lincoln's-Inn). Williamson J. Whitegate End, within Chadderton Oldham, Lancaster, victualler, (Hurd, Temple). Waddilove J. and T. Bath-place, New-road, statuaries, (Tebbutt and Co. Gray's-Inn)

Young M. and Crowley J. Leeds, milliners, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane).

SEPTEMBER 25, to OCTOBER 25.

ADAMS T. Lancaster, merchant, (Blakelock and Co Elm-court). Alderson E. Caldewgate, dyer, (Mounsey, Staple-Inn). Ainsworth W. Cheetham, innkeeper, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks).

Baster J. Strand, tailor, (Shelton, Session's-house). Barber J. Sparrow-corner, corn-chandler, (Shepherd, Hyde-street). Brenan R. Threadneedle street, factor, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Bate W. Exeter, haberdasher, (Williams and Co. New-square). Batterbee B. King's Lynn, Norfolk, haberdasher, (Willis, Warnford-court). Brymer J. King-street, Soho, tailor, (Vandercom and Co. Bush-lane). Belcher

J. Oxford, shoemaker, (Pugh, Bernard-street).

Christian A. High-street, pawnbroker, (Turner, Edward-street). Clayton H. Redwalls, manufacturer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's Inn). Crisswell J. Painswick, clothier, (Chilton, Chancery-lane). Carter J. Sandwich, draper, (Gregson and Co Angel-court)

Davis S. Upper St. Martin's-lane, cabinet-maker, (Howard, Jewry-street).

Ellis J. Liverpool, hat-manufacturer, (Blakelock and Co. Temple).

Fincham W. Covent-garden, earthenwareman, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane). Fly W. and J. Long-acre, bricklayers, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane). Fry R. Lullington, banker, (Williams, Red-Lion-square). Field C. Queen-street, Portsea, tailor, (Jones, Church-yard, Covent-garden)

Gaywood W. Stockport, cabinet-maker, (Milne and Co. Temple). Goss T. Hackney-road, apothecary. (Keys, Somerset-st.).

Hulbert J and J. Bath, cabinet-makers. Hatt W. Reading, boat builder, (Maddock and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Harris J. Rathbone-place, goldsmith, (Croft, Carey-str.). Head F. Bury St. Edmunds, baker, (Wharton and Co. Temple). Humphreys N. Shoreditch, linen-draper, (Kibblewhite and Co. Gray's-Inn-place). Herbert R. B. Clare-court, broker, (Dobbins, Furnival's-Inn). Hobson W. Horncastle, malster, (Eyre and Co. Gray's-Inn) Hall G. Queen-street, silk manufacturer, (Coote, Austin-friars). Hague J. New-Mills, cotton-spinner, (Foulkes, Gray's-Inn). Henley T. Abbey-place, carpenter, (Lewis, Red Lion-square).

Jones H. Skinner street, cheesemonger, (Willett and Co. Finsbury-square). Jones W. Great Portland-street, coach-maker, (Langley, Plumbtree-street). Jullion J. Blackman-street, linen draper, (Lee, Three Crown-court).

Kearland J. Birmingham, wood screw-maker, (Palmer, Barnard's-Inn).

Lawson W. Sunderland, sail-maker, (Elstob, Catherine-court).

Millegan R. Portsea, brewer, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn). Medhurst W. Ross, innholder, (Williams, Red Lion square). Marchant T. Bridgewater, stationer, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Mulloy T. Tokenhouse-yard, mariner, (Dawes, Angel-court). Morley R. Bishop Wearmouth, shipowner, (Atcheson and Co. Great Winchester-street)

Osbaldiston J. and Jones R. Manchester, cotton-dealers, (Edge, Inner Temple).

Pearson W. Old Painshaw, grocer, (Bacon, Southampton-street). Perry J. Angel-court, broker, (Atkinson, Castle-street).

Robinson A. M. Kingston-upon-Hull, milliner, (Kearsey, Bishopsgate). Roose D. C. Cornbrook, brewer, (Willis, Warnford-court). Roberts J. Dolefaur, Cardigan, horse-dealer, (Meredith, Lincoln's-Inn).

Shaw T. Suddleworth, clothier, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Saunders A. Tottenham-street, horse-dealer, (Smith, Bedford-str.). Smith J. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street). Sowden J. and Hodgson J. Leeds, oil-merchants, (Lambert, Hatton-garden). Smith W. G. Billingford, maltster, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Scott S. Cannon street, factor, (Adams, Old Jewry). Steel W. Steel J. and Johnstone C. Lancaster, linen drapers, (Barrett, Gray's-Inn). Shindler C. Bartlett's-buildings, merchant, (Rosser, Red Lion-square). Smith S. Huddersfield, hatter, (Edge, Inner Temple).

Tate R. Manchester, grocer, (Harrison, Craven-street). Trafford J. Froddingham, beast-jobber, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street).

Visick W. Medhurst, draper, (Russell, Lant-street, Southwark).

Williamson W. Nottingham, cornfactor, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Wilmott S. D. Dunster, merchant, (Blake, Cook's-court). Wallbut C. Petworth, milliner, (Ellis and Co. Petworth) Wetherhead T. Liverpool, broker, (Windle, John-str.). Wilks C. Birmingham, stationer, (Constable, Symond's-Inn).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

October 21, 2808.

London Dock Stock, 117*l.* per Cent.
East-India ditto, 125*l.* ditto.
West-India ditto, 161*l.* ditto.
Commercial Dock Shares, 127*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal, 126*l.* ditto.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60*l.* per share. [prem
Imperial Fire Insurance, 3*l.* per cent.
Globe Fire and Life ditto, 114*l.* per cent.
Albion ditto ditto, 2*l.* per cent. prem.
Hope ditto ditto, 25*s.* per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* ditto.
East London Water-works, 46*l.* prem.
West Middlesex ditto, 000*l.* per Share.
South London ditto, 00*l.* per Share prem.
Golden-Lane Brewery, 80*l.* per share
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey Institution, 33*l.* ditto.
Commercial Road, 114*l.* per cent.

L. Wolfe and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE new wheats, in some districts, have not been found to rise from the flail so good as was expected. The mildew has injured the sample, which is rather thin and light: this weighs less than the last year's by 7 or 8 lbs. per bushel. The red wheats have proved much the best, having more generally escaped the destructive effects of the blight and mildew.—Barley in some parts is quite discoloured, grown, and damp in sample. It is much to be wished that the distilleries were allowed to work the damaged barley.—Oats were generally out in the wet weather, where they were grown by the farmer for his own consumption, having lost their bright colour: this, however, is immaterial; but where the oats were grown for sale, the loss will be serious.—The latest sown turnips promise a good store stock for next spring. The seeds on the new layers are weak in plant, but level on the ground.—Pasture on grazing lands has never been more luxuriant.—The wheat sowing upon warm and forward soils bears a favourable prospect. Orders from government, for the supply of the troops abroad, have hitherto supported the markets.

Beef, in Smithfield market, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.; mutton, 4s. to 5s.; veal, 4s. to 5s.; pork, 4s. 8d. to 5s.

Middlesex, October 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Oct. 15, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	90	0	53	0	45	0	34	10
Surrey	95	4	52	4	46	8	40	4
Hertford	80	3	43	0	41	8	35	4
Bedford	85	7	49	6	41	8	37	0
Huntin.	80	1	——		39	10	33	0
Northa.	80	4	44	0	40	0	36	4
Rutland	85	6	——		45	6	32	0
Leicest.	83	7	47	1	41	1	35	10
Notting.	93	0	57	6	44	4	31	8
Derby	90	8	——		47	0	35	4
Stafford	86	0	——		44	10	34	5
Salop	85	2	53	4	41	5	36	4
Herefor.	88	10	44	9	35	2	34	7
Wor'st.	89	9	52	1	44	3	42	7
Warwic	92	4	——		45	9	38	7
Wilts	88	10	52	0	48	10	41	0
Berks	93	11	——		47	6	41	4
Oxford	87	11	——		43	1	39	8
Bucks	90	2	——		41	0	38	4
Brecon	86	4	57	4	42	11	32	0
Montgo.	79	11	——		——		34	5
Radnor.	86	1	——		37	8	31	7

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	83	8	51	0	42	0	38	2
Kent	89	9	58	0	44	6	37	9
Sussex	86	0	——		49	0	41	0
Suffolk	79	5	49	3	39	6	31	10
Cambridge	80	10	49	0	37	10	35	10
Norfolk	80	11	55	1	39	0	33	3
Lincoln	85	8	51	5	42	2	27	6
York	87	8	67	9	40	10	29	10
Durham	89	4	——		——		27	4
Northumberland	82	0	68	0	40	0	27	8
Cumberland ..	84	4	55	4	42	10	27	4
Westmorland ..	95	10	70	0	41	8	29	4
Lancaster	82	6	——		40	9	31	1
Chester	78	7	——		42	4	28	6
Flint	84	5	——		——		——	
Denbigh	86	8	——		41	7	29	4
Anglesea	——		——		——		22	0
Carnarvon	90	0	——		40	0	58	0
Merioneth	88	4	56	0	40	6	22	6
Cardigan	79	3	——		38	0	22	5
Pembroke	71	0	——		41	0	22	7
Carmarthen....	80	8	——		44	0	22	8
Glamorgan	77	8	——		40	0	22	8
Gloucester	95	0	——		47	11	——	
Somerset.....	86	3	——		39	8	——	
Monmouth	93	2	——		42	4	——	
Devon	82	0	——		35	6	28	10
Cornwall	77	0	——		37	8	24	0
Dorset	82	0	——		47	0	35	0
Hants	85	0	56	0	50	2	40	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 89s. 5d.; Rye 53s. 10d.; Barley 42s. 3d.; Oats 32s. 6d.; Beans 63s. 7d.; Pease 66s. 0d.; Oatmeal 50s. 11d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from SEPT. 28, to OCT. 25, 1808.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		
Males 768	1459	Males, 672	1307	
Females 691		Females 635		
Whereof have died under two years old			397	

Between			
2 and 5 -	145	60 and 70 -	91
5 and 10 -	50	70 and 80 -	83
10 and 20 -	49	80 and 90 -	34
20 and 30 -	85	90 and 100 -	6
30 and 40 -	138		
40 and 50 -	140		
50 and 60 -	89		

Peck Loaf, 4s. 8d. 4s. 8d. 4s. 10d. 5s. 1d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from SEPTEMBER 26, 1808, to OCTOBER 26, 1808, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	5 p Cent Consols.	3p Cent. Reduc	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent	N. 5 p.Ct	Long Anns.	4 p. Ct. Scrip.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
Sep																			
26	——	65 3/8 1/2	Shut	Shut	97 5/8	Shut	Shut	2 3/4 dis.	——	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	——	1s. dis.	2s. pm	——	65 7/8 66
27	——	65 3/8 1/2	Do.	Do.	97 5/8	Do.	Do.	2 3/4 dis	——	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	——	1s. dis.	1s. pm	——	66 1/8
28	——	65 3/8 7/8	Do.	Do.	97 7/8	Do.	Do.	2 1/2 dis	——	7 11-16th	——	——	——	——	——	2s. dis.	1s. pm.	——	66 1/8
29	holiday																		
30	——	65 7/8 66 1/8	Do.	Do.	98	Do.	Do.		——	——	——	——	——	——	——	1s. dis.	2s. pm.	——	66 1/8 1/4
Oct																			
1	——	65 7/8 66 1/8	Do.	Do.	98 1/8	Do.	Do.		——	——	——	——	——	——	——	1s. dis.	4s. pm	——	66 1/4
3	——	66 1/8	Do.	Do.	98 3/8	Do.	Do.	2 1/2 dis	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	Par.	5s. pm.	——	66 1/8 1/4
4	——	66 1/8	Do.	Do.	98 1/2	Do.	Do.	2 1/2 dis	——	3/4	——	——	——	——	——	Par.	4s pm.	——	66 1/8 1/4
5	——	65 7/8 66	Do.	Do.	98 1/2	Do.	Do.	2 1/2 dis	——	——	——	——	71 1/4	——	176 1/2	Par.	3s pm	21 15	66 1/8
6	——	65 3/4 66	Do.	Do.	98 1/2	Do.	Do.	2 1/2 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	177	Par.	2s. pm.	21 15	65 7/8 66
7	——	65 1/2 3/4	Do.	Do.	98 3/8	Do.	Do.	2 1/4 dis	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	Par.	2s. pm	21 15	65 7/8 66
8	——	65 1/2 3/4	Do.	Do.	98	Do.	Do.	3 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	177 1/2	Par.	3s. pm.	21 15	65 7/8 66
10	——	65 7/8 66	Do.	Do.	98 1/2	Do.	Do.	2 3/4 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	1s. pm.	4s. pm	21 15	65 7/8 66
11	——	66 1/8	65 3/8	80 1/4	98 1/2	Do.	18 1-16ths	2 1/2 dis	——	——	——	——	——	——	178	2s pm.	5s. pm	21 15	66 1/8
12	——	65 7/8 66 1/8	65 3/8	80	98 1/2	Do	18 1-16ths	2 1/2 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	178 1/2	5s. pm.	7s pm	21 15	66 1/8
13	——	65 7/8 66	65 3/8	79 7/8	98 3/8	Do.	18	2 1/4 dis	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s pm	7s. pm	21 15	
14	233	65 3/4 66	65 1/2	80 1/8	98 3/8	Do.	18	2 1/2 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s pm	7s. pm	21 15	66 1/8
15	——	66 1/8	65 1/2	80 1/2	98 3/8	Do.	——	2 1/4 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s. pm	8s. pm	21 15	66 1/8
17	——	66 1/8	65 1/2	80 3/4	98 1/4	Do.	18 1-16ths	2 1/4 dis	——	——	——	——	——	——	180	5s pm.	8s. pm.	21 15	66 1/8
18	holiday																		
19	233	66 1/8	65 1/2	80 7/8	99	Do.	18 1-16ths	2 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	177 3/4	4s. pm	8s pm.	21 15	66 1/8
20	233 1/2	66 1/8 1/4	65 1/2	81 1/8	99	Do.	18 1-16ths	1 3/4 dis	——	——	——	——	——	——	91/4	4s pm	8s. pm.	21 15	66 1/8
21	——	66 1/8 1/4	65 1/2	81 1/8	99	——	18 1/8	1 1/4 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s pm	7s. pm.	21 15	66 1/8
22	——	66 1/8 67 1/8	66 1/4	81 7/8	99 1/4	——	18 1/8	1/4 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	180 1/2	5s. p m	8s. pm.	21 15	67
24	——	66 1/8 67	66 1/8	81 1/8	99 1/4	——	18 1/8	1 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	5s. pm	8s. pm	21 15	67
25	holiday																		
26	Do.																		

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.